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ERRATA.

Page 14, sixth line, for "*from*" read *firm*.
26, tenth line, for "*sole*" read *soul*.
62, tenth line, for "*there*" read *thou*.
72, sixth line, for "*there*" read *thou*.
77, third line, for "*Lathay*" read *Cathay*.
80, eighth line, for "*the*" read *there*.
108, fourth line, for "*spring*" read *springs*.
109, second line, for "*Speak*" read *Speck*.
126, nineteenth line, for "*humble*" read *humbled*.
134, fifth line, for "*her*" read *their*.
137, second line, for "*Their*" read *Thou*.
163, thirteenth line, for "*of*" read *to*.
164, seventh line, for "*names*" read *name*.
171, fifteenth line, for "*the*" read *her*.
187, seventeenth line, for "*their*" read *the*.
191, last line, for "*skrieks*" read *shrieks*.

POEMS.

POEMS;

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BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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PREFACE.

Some of the poems contained in the present collection were written at an early age. Others interspersed themselves, at later periods, amid domestic occupations or maternal cares. The greater part were suggested by passing occasions, and partake of the nature of extemporaneous productions. All reveal, by their brevity, the narrow intervals of time which were devoted to their composition.

They have sprung up like wild flowers in the dells, or among the clefts of the rock; wherever the path of life has chanced to lead. The hand that gathered and now presents them, borrows for their motto the sweetly eloquent words of Coleridge:

"I expect from them neither profit nor general fame; and I consider myself amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding

great reward. It possesses power to soothe affliction,—to multiply and refine enjoyment,—to endear solitude, and to give the habit of discovering the *good* and the *beautiful* in all that meets or surrounds us."

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., May 10, 1834.

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POEMS.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Fair River! not unknown to classic song;—
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green;
Or where near towering rocks thy bolder tide
To win the giant-guarded pass doth glide;
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the fervent sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land;

Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest and prophet 'mid the homes they love,—
On equal laws their anchored hopes are staid,
By *all interpreted*, and all obeyed,
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise from columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss,—and labour health,
And knowledge power, and meek religion, wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
The orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks, the shearer's care which need,
His waving woods, the wintry hearth that feed,
His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons, who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
An equal burden in the yoke of care,
With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,
Or from the press the golden cheese receives;
Her pastime when the daily task is o'er,
With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door,
Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow;
Then hale and cheerful to her home repair,
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
Press the full udder for her children's meal,
Rock the tired babe—or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, toward yon dome where village science dwells,
When the church-clock its warning summons swells,
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gaily gather from each rustic door.
The new-weaned child with murmuring tone proceeds,
Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,

Transferred as burdens, that the housewife's care
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.
Light-hearted group!—who carol wild and high,
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
Or by some traveller's wheel aroused from play,
The stiff salute, with deep demureness pay,
Bare the curled brow,—or stretch the sunburnt hand,
The home-taught homage of an artless land.
The stranger marks amid their joyous line,
The *little baskets* whence they hope to dine,
And *larger books*, as if their dexterous art,
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part:—
Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride;
From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
Of prudent counsel, and pursuasive tongue;
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves, by early labour strong;
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought,
And white haired sages, sold to studious thought,
Chiefs whose bold step the field of battle trod,
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, 'mid the graves by time so sacred made,
The poor, lost Indian slumbers in the shade;—
He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftness clave
In ancient days yon pure, cerulean wave;
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,
Through darkness followed—and in death embraced,
He sleeps an outlaw 'mid his forfeit land,
And grasps the arrow in his mouldered hand.

Here, too, our patriot sires with honour rest,
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast;—

Sprung from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry
Of threatened Liberty went thrilling by,
Looked to their God—and reared in bulwark round,
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrowned,
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield,
Firm at the plough and glorious in the field,
Lo! here *they* rest, who every danger braved,
Unmarked, untrophied, 'mid the soil they saved.

Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide,
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crowned,
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,
The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,
Couched in his hut, or camping on the glade,
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
The boatman's song that charmed his boyish ear;
While the sad mother, 'mid her children's mirth
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,
Or cheats her rustic babes with tender tales
Of thee, blest River! and thy velvet vales;
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,
The village school, and sabbath's tuneful bell,
And smiles to see the infant soul expand
With proud devotion for that *fatherland*.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

Thou rude and ancient pile,
  Holding thy vigil lone,
Amid the heath-clad isle,
  Where Leven's waters moan,
Show me the prison-tower
  Of Scotland's fairest queen,
Who, reared in Gallia's royal bower,
  Endured thy tyrant spleen.

Count me the thousand sighs
  Her tortured bosom poured,
The tears that dimmed those eyes
  Which rival kings adored,
Unfold her darkened fate,
  A haughty brother's scorn,
Of her own native realm, the hate,
  Of maddened love, the thorn.

Methinks a midnight boat
  Still cleaves yon silent tide,
Its glimmering torch-lights float
  In mingled fear and pride;
Young Douglas wildly steers,
  His throbbing heart beats high,
As freedom's long-lost radiance cheers
  The rescued prisoner's eye.

He sees no vision pale
  Where axe and scaffold gleam,

He hears no stifled wail,
  He marks no life-blood stream.
With ill-dissembled mien,
  Who wields yon vengeful rod?
Who made thee judge,—thou English queen!
  Her sins are with her God.

Hark! from yon mouldering cell
  The owl her shriek repeats,
And all the tissued spell
  Of wildering fancy fleets;
Lochleven's ruined towers
  Once more the moon-beams flout,
And tangled herbage chokes those bowers
  Whence the rich harp breathed out.

The lake's unruffled breast,
  Expands like mirror clear,
With emerald islets drest,
  Each in its hermit-sphere;
Yet, from those fair retreats
  Do mournful memories flow,
And every murmuring shade repeats
  Mary of Scotland's woe.

EVENING AT HOME.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

Loud roars the hoarse storm from the angry north,
As if the wintry spirit, loth to leave
Its wonted haunts, came rudely rushing on,
Fast by the steps of the defenceless Spring,
To hurl his frost-spear at her shrinking flowers.

Yet while the tempest o'er the charms of May
Sweeps dominant, and with discordant tone
The wild blast rules *without*, peace smiles *within;*
The fire burns cheerful, and the taper clear
Alternate aids the needle, or illumes
The page sublime, inciting the rapt soul,
To soar above the warring elements.
My gentle kitten at my footstool sings,
Her song monotonous, and full of joy;
Close by my side my tender mother sits,
Industriously bent,—her brow still bright
With beams of lingering youth, while he, the sire,
The faithful guide, indulgently doth smile
At our discourse, or wake the tuneful hymn
Which best he loves.

Fountain of life and light!—
Father Supreme! from whom our joys descend,

As streams flow from their source, and unto whom
All good on earth shall finally return
As to a natural centre, praise is due
To thee from all thy works, nor least from me,
Though in thy scale of being light and low.

From thee is shed whate'er of joy or peace
Doth sparkle in my cup,—health, hope and bliss,
And pure parental love, beneath whose roof
My ever grateful heart doth feel no want
Of sister, or of brother, or of friend.

Therefore, to thee be all the honour given,
Whether young morning with her vestal lamp
Warn from my couch, or sober twilight gray
Lead on the willing night, or summer-sky
Spread its smooth azure, or contending storms
Muster their wrath, or whether in the shade
Of much loved solitude, deep wove, and close,
I rest, or gaily share the social scene,
Or wander wide to twine with stranger-hearts
New sympathies, or wheresoever else
Thy hand may place me, let my steadfast eye
Behold thee, and my soul attune thy praise.
To thee alone, in humble trust I come,
For strength and wisdom. Leaning on thine arm
Fain would I pass this intermediate state,
This vale of discipline, and when its mists
Shall fleet away, I trust thou wilt not leave
My soul in darkness, for thy word is truth,
Nor are thy thoughts like the vain thoughts of man,
Nor thy ways like his ways.

Therefore I rest
In hope, and sing thy praise, Father Supreme!

THE MOHEGAN CHURCH.

A remnant of the once-powerful tribe of Mohegan Indians, have their residence in the vicinity of the city of Norwich, Conn., and on the ruins of an ancient fort in their teritory, a small church has been erected,—principally through the influence of the benevolence of females.

Amid those hills, with verdure spread,
The red-browed hunter's arrow sped,
And on those waters, sheen and blue,
He freely launch'd his light canoe,
While through the forests glanced like light
The flying wild-deer's antler bright.
—Ask ye for hamlet's people bound,
With cone-roofed cabins circled round?
For chieftain grave,—for warrior proud,
In nature's majesty unbowed?
You've seen the fleeting shadow fly,
The foam upon the billows die,
The floating vapour leave no trace,
Such was their path—that fated race.

Say ye that kings, with lofty port,
Here held their stern and simple court?
That here, with gestures rudely bold,
Stern orators the throng controlled?
—Methinks, even now, on tempest wings,
The thunder of their war-shout rings,
Methinks springs up, with dazzling spire,
The redness of their council fire.

No!—no!—in darkness rest the throng,
Despair hath checked the tide of song,
  Dust dimmed their glory's ray,
But can these staunch their bleeding wrong?
Or quell remembrance, fierce and strong?
  Recording angel,—say!
I marked where once a fortress frowned,
High o'er the blood-cemented ground,
And many a deed that savage tower
Might tell to chill the midnight hour.
But now, its ruins strongly bear
Fruits that the gentlest hand might share;
For there a hallowed dome imparts
The lore of Heaven to listening hearts,
And forms, like those which lingering staid,
Latest 'neath Calvary's awful shade,
And *earliest* pierced the gathered gloom
To watch a Saviour's lowly tomb,
Such forms have soothed the Indian's ire,
And bade for him that dome aspire.

Now, where tradition, ghostly pale,
With ancient horrors loads the vale,
And shuddering weaves in crimson loom
Ambush, and snare, and torture-doom,
There shall the peaceful prayer arise,
And tuneful hymns invoke the skies.
—Crush'd race!—so long condemned to moan,
Scorn'd—rifled—spiritless—and lone,
From pagan rites, from sorrow's maze,
Turn to these temple-gates with praise;
Yes, turn and bless the usurping band
That rent away your fathers' land;
Forgive the wrong—suppress the blame,
And view with Faith's fraternal claim,
Your God—your hope—your heaven the same.

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

Bright Clouds! ye are gathering one by one
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral;
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest,
Not thus in the day of his pride and wrath
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path,
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say *he is dead?*—You exult in vain,
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train,
He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray,
He shall reign in power when you fade away,
When ye darkly cower in your vapoury hall,
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The Soul!—The Soul!—with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire,
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained,
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

SOLITUDE.

Deep Solitude I sought.—There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.

Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife
And fever of the world.—I thought to be
There without witness.—But the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.
There were glad voices, too.—The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history.—Up came the singing breeze
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one.—Even busy life
Woke in that dell.—The dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
While from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.—

Yet I strangely thought
To be *alone* and *silent* in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love !—It might not be !—
There is *no solitude* in thy domains,

Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joys, and shuts out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. Even the desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.
2 Samuel, XIX. 37.

Son of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honours stay me?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die:—
Where my parent's ashes lie,
King of Israel!—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my sole with awe
To heed the Prophets and the Law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a God:—
Oh! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise,
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
Jehovah!—Lord of Hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death,
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath,

Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still a sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace,—the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind had laid
Up for a wintry day:—
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir,
Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea,—it remembereth her,
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

APPEAL FOR MISSIONS.

Stewards of God! his richest gifts who hold,
Sublime dispensers to your brother's need,
Can Charity within those breasts grow cold,
Where Faith and Hope have sown their holy seed?
Hoard ye the stores of Heaven?—Ah, then beware
Lest its pure manna turn to bitterness and care.

Stewards of God!—replete with living bread,
Shall any famish in your rosy path?
Have ye a garment which ye will not spread
Around those naked souls in Winter's wrath?
Ye see them sink amid Destruction's blast,
Unmoved ye hear their cry!—*What will ye plead at last?*

Ye have that cup of wine which Jesus blest
At his last supper with the chosen train;
Ye have a book divine, whose high behest
'Go, teach all nations,' sends its thrilling strain
Into your secret chamber. Can it be
That *selfishness* enslaves the souls *by Christ made free?*

Do ye *indeed* on Time's tempestuous shore
Wear the meek armour of the Crucified?
Yet stretch no hand, no supplication pour,
To save the fainting souls for whom he died?
God of all power!—what but thy Spirit's flame
Can ope the eyes of those who *dream* they love thy name?

Where is your heathen brother?—From his grave
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,

From the thronged depths of Ocean's moaning wave,
His answering blood reproachfully doth cry.
Blood of the soul!—Can all earth's fountains make
Thy dark stain disappear?—*Stewards of God awake!*

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow
And dashed it out.—
There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip.—He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.—
Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear.—With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever.—
There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears.—The Spoiler set
His seal of silence.—
But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed—and left it there.—
He dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

KING JOHN.

There stands on Runimede a king, whose name we need not tell,
For the blood of high Plantagenet within his veins doth swell,
And yet a sceptred hand he lifts, to shade his haggard brow,
As if constrained to do a deed his pride would disallow.

He pauses still.—His faint eye rests upon those barons bold,
Whose hands are grappling to their swords with fierce and sudden hold,
That pause is broke.—He bows him down before those steel-girt men,
And glorious Magna Charta glows beneath his trembling pen.

His false lip to a smile is wreathed, as their exulting shout,
Upon the gentle summer air, thro' the broad oaks peals out,
Yet lingers long his cowering glance on Thames' translucent tide,
As if some deep and bitter thought he from the throng would hide.

I know what visiteth his soul, when midnight's heavy hand,
Doth crush the emmet cares of day and wave reflection's wand,
Forth stalks his broken-hearted sire, wrapt in the grave-robe drear,
And close around the ingrate's heart doth cling the ice of fear.

I know what sounds are in his ear, when wrathful tempests roll,
When God doth bid his lightnings search, his thunders try the soul,
Above the blast young Arthur's shriek doth make the murderer quake,
As if again his guiltless blood from Rouen's prison spake.

But tho' no red volcano burst to whelm the men of crime,
No vengeful earthquake fiercely yawn to gorge them ere their time,
Tho' Earth for her most guilty sons the festive board doth set,
The wine-cup and the opiate draught,—*yet ne'er can Heaven forget.*

THE UNCHANGED OF THE TOMB.

They have prest the valve of the vaulted tomb,
And the tremulous sun-beam falls
Like a stranger's foot on that cheerless gloom,
And the dead in their silent halls.

Hark! to the knell of a funeral train,
As on with a measured tread,
They shuddering plunge to the dark domain
Of the unsaluting dead.

They have brought an innocent infant here
To the charge of its kindred race,
But no arm is stretched from their coffins drear
To fold it in fond embrace.

It hath come from a mother's tender breast,
She did foster it night and day,
What a fearful change to such cherished guest
Is this grim and cold array.

Her heart for a double woe doth weep,
As it heaves with a stifled moan,
For her first-born lies in his dreamless sleep
'Neath yon dark-browed arch of stone.

He fell when the wintry tempest wrecked
The wealth of the verdant plain;—
And lo! ere the spring hath its ravage decked,
As a mourner she cometh again.

He was smitten down in his beauty's pride,
In the dawn of his manhood's day,
But strong in the faith of Him who died,
Was the soul as it soared away.

She passeth on with a ghostly glide
Through the chilled and mouldering space,
She is drooping low at her idol's side
With her wild eyes on his face.

But the pestilent damps of that dread abode,
Have breathed on a stainless cheek,
And it seemed that the warmth of the living blood
Through his ruby lips might speak.

And his glossy locks to a fearful length
Have grown in that bed of clay,
In a clustering mesh they have wreathed their strength,
Who will part those curls away?

Ah! list to the mother's frantic tone,
"Rise! Rise, my son!" she cries,
And the mocking cave with a hollow groan
"My Son!—My Son!"—replies.

They have led her away in her deep despair,
She hath wept till her eye is dim,
Your dear one is risen!—he is not there!—
Say, what is the tomb to him?

Look to the flight of the spirit's wing
Through the glorious fields of air,
Look to the world where the angels sing,
And see that ye meet him there.

TWILIGHT.

I would ye had not glared on me so soon,
Officious lamps !—that gild the parlour scene
With such oppressive brightness.—*They were here*
Whose garments like the tissue of our dreams
Steal o'er the eye, and win it from the world.
They smiled on me so sweetly, and their hands
Clasped mine, and their calm presence wooed away
The throb of grief so tenderly,—I would
That twilight to the purple peep of dawn
Had kindly lingered.—
She, who nearest hung,
Pressing my head to her meek, matron breast,
Was one who lulled me to my cradle sleep,
With such blest melodies as memory pours
Fresh from her echo-harp, when the fond heart
Asks for its buried joys.—Slow years have sown
Rank rooted herbage o'er her lowly couch
Since she arose to chant that endless song
Which hath no dissonance.—
Another form
Sat at her feet, whose brow was bright with bloom
When the cold grave shut o'er it.—It hath left
Its image every where, upon my books,
My bower of musing, and my page of thought,
And the lone altar of the secret soul.—
Would that those lips had spoken !—yet I hear
Always their ring-dove murmuring, when I tread
Our wonted shady haunts.—

Say, is there aught
Like the tried friendship of the *sacred dead?*
It cannot hide its face, it changeth not,
Grieves not, suspects not, may not fleet away,
For as a seal upon the melted heart
Tis set forever.—Sure 'tis weak to mourn
Though thorns are at the bosom, or the blasts
Of this bleak world beat harshly, if there come
Such angel-visitants at even-tide,
Or midnight's holy hush, to cleanse away
The stains which day hath gathered, and with touch
Pure and ethereal to sublimate
The erring spirit.

MONTPELIER.

THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES MADISON, ESQ., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

How fair beneath Virginia's sky,
Montpelier strikes the traveller's eye,
Emerging from its forest bower,
Like feudal chieftain's ancient tower,
With parks and lawns and gardens drest,
In peaceful verdure proudly blest.

What blended beauties cheer the sight!
The distant mountains' misty height,
The circling prospect's cultured bound,
The attic temple's echoing round,
The locust copse where warblers throng,
And gaily pour the unfettered song,
The flowers in bright profusion seen,
The luscious fig's luxuriant green,
The clasping vine, whose clusters fair
Seem as of genial France the care,
The bright-eyed pheasant, beauteous guest,
The eastern bird, with gorgeous vest,
Still for his mimic speech carest,
The curtaining jessamine that showers
Rich fragrance o'er the nightly bowers,
Those halls, whose varied stores impart
The classic pencil's magic art,

The chisel's life-bestowing power,
The lore that cheats the studious hour,
And music's strains, that vainly vie
With the touched spirit's melody—
How strong the tissued spells that bind
The lingering eye, and charmed mind.

Here wisdom rests in sylvan shade,
That erst an empire's councils swayed,
And goodness whose persuasive art
So justly won that empire's heart,
And piety,* with hoary hair,
Who, rising o'er this Eden fair,
Beholds, by mortal foot untrod,
A brighter Eden with its God.

Montpelier!—these thy name have set
A gem in memory's coronet,
Whose lustre ruthless time shall spare,
Till from her brow that crown he tear—
Till from her book that page he rend,
Which of a stranger made a friend.

* The venerable mother of President Madison, who survived, honoured and beloved, until past the age of ninety years.

NORMAN KNIGHTS AND MONKS OF ELY.

After the accession of William the Conquerer, in 1066, some noblemen took refuge in the monastery of Ely, and continued for several years to maintain it, against his jurisdiction. When it was reduced to subjection, he placed a band of Norman knights there, to check its contumacy, and to evince his displeasure. But contrary to his expectation, a vivid friendship sprang up between them and the monks, and when at the expiration of five years they were recalled, the parting was with mutual grief. As an emblem of their continued attachment, the arms of each knight, quartered with those of his favourite monastic friend, were painted on the walls of the banqueting-hall. An engraving of these singular heraldic devices is preserved in Fuller's Church History, from whence this statement is also derived.

THEY came.—The plumed casque shone bright
In Ely's cloistered bower,
And darkly on each Norman knight
Did monkish visage lower;
Even 'midst the vesper's holy strain
A hatred, ill represt,
Frowned from the cowled and mitred train,
On such unwonted guest.

Years held their course—and friendship's spell,
That sternest hearts controls,
With soft, cementing influence fell
On uncongenial souls.
No more the British friar feared
The mirth of foreign lays,
Nor the gay knight the legend 'jur'd
Of Etheldreda's* praise.

* The daughter of the king of East-Anglia, who founded this institution in 673.

With helm and spear-point flashing high,
The tournay's mimic pride,
They traced, where Ouse ran murmuring by
With pure and glittering tide.
Yea, even the abbot, grave and old,
His stern rebuke would spare,
Since every warrior rudely bold,
Knelt low at mass and prayer.

In troublous times, these martial guests
Protection might bestow,
And kindness won even steel-clad breasts
To love a stranger foe.
So, when the royal mandate bade
Forth from those walls to go,
And quit old Ely's hallowed shade,
Each warrior drooped with wo.

Silent and slow, as loth to part,
The long procession sped,
While arm in arm and heart to heart,
Each monk his soldier led.
On cope and cross and banner proud
The western sunbeam fell,
As 'neath old Hadenham's oaks they bowed
To take a last farewell.

The holy brethren, sad and grieved,
Resumed their duties meek,
While the chill tear from hearts bereaved
Went coursing down their cheek;
And when upon the escutcheoned wall
Those blended arms they viewed,
Both lonely cell and lighted hall,
The parting pang renewed.

'Mid Norman fields in bloody fray
The knights their prowess tried,

Where stout King William sought to stay
Duke Robert's rebel pride.
Yet still those Christian precepts blest,
Learned in monastic bower,
Held mastery o'er their rugged breasts,
In war's destructive hour.

And when the piercing cry "*to save*"
Was heard through battle strife,
Their planted creed of mercy gave
The fallen suppliant life:—
While still the merry Norman song
Rose up prolonged and clear,
Those sombre halls and cells among,
When wintry nights were drear.

For friendship hath a magic spell
The affinities to find,
That in opposing natures dwell,
And link the wayward mind:—
She bade the men of blood, no more
The sons of peace revile,
And woke in haunts of cloistered lore
The sad ascetic's smile.

THE LAST SUPPER.

A PICTURE BY LEONARDI DA VINCI.

Behold that countenance, where grief and love
Blend with ineffable benignity,
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.

Whose is that eye which seems to read the heart,
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?—
Redeemer, is it thine?—And is this feast,
Thy last on earth?—Why do the chosen few,
Admitted to thy parting banquet, stand
As men transfixed with horror?—

Ah! I hear
The appalling answer, from those lips divine,
'One of you shall betray me."—

One of these?—
Who by thy hand was nurtured, heard thy prayers,
Received thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the rain of summer?—*One of these!*—
Therefore, with deep and deadly paleness droops
The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chilled to the ice of death, at such strange shock
Of unimagined guilt.—See, his whole soul
Concentered in his eye, the man who walked
The waves with Jesus, all impetuous prompts
The horror-struck inquiry,—"*Is it I?*

Lord!—Is it I?" while earnest pressing near,
His brother's lip, in ardent echo seems
Doubting the fearful thought.—With brow upraised,
Andrew absolves his soul of charge so foul,
And springing eager from the table's foot,
Bartholomew bends forward, full of hope,
That by his ear, the Master's awful words
Had been misconstrued.—To the side of Christ,
James in the warmth of cherished friendship clings,
Yet trembles as the traitor's image steals
Into his throbbing heart:—while he, whose hand
In sceptic doubt was soon to probe the wounds
Of Him he loved, points upward to invoke
The avenging God.—Philip, with startled gaze,
Stands in his crystal singleness of soul,
Attesting innocence, while Matthew's voice
Repeating fervently the Master's words
Rouses to agony the listening group,
Who, half incredulous with terror, seem
To shudder at his accents.

All the twelve
With strong emotion strive, save *one* false breast
By Mammon seared, which brooding o'er its gain,
Weighs thirty pieces with the Saviour's blood.
Son of perdition!—dost thou freely breathe
In such pure atmosphere?—And canst thou hide,
'Neath the cold calmness of that settled brow,
The burden of a deed whose very name
Thus strikes thy brethren pale?—

But can it be
That the strange power of this soul-harrowing scene
Is the slight pencil's witchery?—I would speak
Of him who pour'd such bold conception forth
O'er the dead canvas.—But I dare not muse,
Now, of a mortal's praise.—Subdued I stand

In thy sole, sorrowing presence, Son of God!—
I feel the breathing of those holy men,
From whom thy gospel, as on angel's wing
Went out, through all the earth.—I see how deep
Sin in the soul may lurk, and fain would kneel
Low at thy blessed feet, and trembling ask—
"*Lord!—is it I?*"

For who may tell, what dregs
Do slumber in his breast.—*Thou*, who didst taste
Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
From thine unspotted soul, forsake us not,
In our temptations, but so guide our feet,
That our *Last Supper* in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

RETURN TO CONNECTICUT.

Hail native Earth!—from brighter climes returning,
From richer scenes the ravished eye that cheer,
From palace roofs, and skies with glory burning,
Where changeless Summer decks the joyous year
With golden fruits, and verdure never sere.
Still leaps my heart to mark thy rugged crest,
Thy village spires, and mansions rude, though dear;
Still to my fervent lip thy sod is prest,
As the weaned infant clings close to its mother's breast.

Thou hast no mountain peering to the cloud,
No boundless river for the poet's lyre,
Nor mighty cataract thundering far and loud,
Nor red volcano, opening through its pyre
A safety-valve to earth's deep, central fire;
Nor dread glacier nor forest's awful frown,
Yet turn thy sons to thee with fond desire,
And from Niagara's pride, or Andes' crown,
In thy scant, noteless vales, delight to lay them down.

Thou art a Spartan mother, and from sleep
Thy hardy sons at early dawn dost call,
Though winds or storms, a sullen vigil keep,
Some goodly task proportioning to all.
Warning to fly from sloth and folly's thrall,
And patient meet the tempest or the thorn;
Nor ermine robe thou giv'st, nor silken pall,
Nor gilded boon of bloated luxury born
To bid the pampered soul its lowly brother scorn.

Yet hath bold science in thy sterile bed
Struck a deep root, and though wild blasts recoil,
The arts their winged and feathery seeds have spread
For hardened hands embrowned with peasant toil
To pluck their delicate flowers; and while the soil
Their plough hath broken, some the Muse have hailed,
Smit with her love 'mid poverty's turmoil,
And like the seer by angel-might assailed
Wrestled till break of day, and then like him prevailed.

Yet humbler virtues throw their guard around
Thy rocky coast, and 'mid the autumn leaves
That falling rustle with a solemn sound,
His magic spell a hidden spirit weaves,
Nursed 'neath the peaceful shade of cottage-eaves,
By voice of sabbath-bell from hallowed dome,
And breath of household prayer which Heaven receives,
It binds around the heart of those who roam
The patriot's stainless shields, the sacred love of home.

The love of home!—that plant of fearless birth,
From arid Afric's burning soil it springs,
'Mid icy Labrador's uncultured earth,
Or tropic Asia, where the serpent stings;
To naked hordes it gives the wealth of kings,
Though lava bursts, or earthquakes threaten loud,
Still to its bed that plant undaunted clings,
Makes the child glad, the toiling father proud,
And decks with Eden's wreath the white haired grandsire's shroud.

"WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM THY PRESENCE?"

Psalm CXXXIX.

Take morning's wing, and fly from zone to zone,
To Earth's remotest pole, and ere old Time
Can shift one figure on his dial plate
Haste to the frigid Thule of mankind,
Where the scant life-drop freezes.—Or go down
To Ocean's secret caverns, 'mid the throng
Of monsters without number, which no foot
Of man hath visited, and yet returned
To walk among the living.—Or the shroud
Of midnight wrap around thee, dense and deep,
Bidding thy spirit slumber.—

Hop'st thou thus
To 'scape the Almighty, to whose piercing eye
Morn's robe and midnight's vestment are the same?

Spirit of truth!—why should we seek to hide
Motive or deed from thee?—why strive to walk
In a vain show before our fellow men,
Since at the same dread audit each must stand,
And with a sun-ray read his brother's breast
While his own thoughts are weighed?—Search thou my soul!—
And if aught evil lurk securely there
Like Achan's stolen hoard, command it thence,

And hold me up in singleness of heart,
And simple, child-like confidence in Thee,
Till time shall close his labyrinth, and ope
Eternity's broad gate.

THE SABBATH BELL.

Where 'mid the crowded city glide
The gorgeous trains of pomp and pride,
Till even the labouring pavement groans
As Folly's surges wear the stones,
And through the reeking air doth rise
The tide of Fashion's heartless sighs—
What speaks from tower and turret fair,
With solemn knell?
To break the despotism of care,
And fearless warn the proud to prayer?
The Sabbath Bell.

From yonder cottage-homes where meet,
Round the low eaves, the woodbine sweet,
And the young vine-flower peering through
The rustic rose-hedge rich with dew,
Pours on each passing Zephyr's breast
A gush of fragrance pure and blest;
What lures gay childhood's throngs away?
Why quit they thus at morning ray
Their native dell?
What lures them to God's temple door,
Their holy lessons conning o'er?
The Sabbath Bell?

The chastened spirit, worn with care,
That scarce can lift its burdened prayer
Above the host of toils that thrust
Its broken pinion down to dust,

That loves the path where faith doth rise
In contemplation to the skies,
Yet bowed beneath a hopeless chain
Betakes it to its task again;
What bids its rapture swell?
What brings, though tear-drops dim the eye,
Communion with its native sky?
The Sabbath Bell.

And thou, whose glance of rapid ray
Dost lightly scan this simple lay,
When to thy view yon astral spark,
And earthly skies and suns are dark,
What to the fair and lighted hall
Where cherished friends hold festival;
What to the pensive, listening ear,
Shall thy death-tidings tell?
And summon to thy lowly bier
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear?
The Sabbath Bell.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles,—and the winds
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.
Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world,
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath,—and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Shining like winged jewelry,—and drank
The healthful odour of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets;—but most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength to run

My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer
To *Him* who showed me some bright tints of Heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven.

THE BOY'S LAST BEQUEST.

Half-raised upon his dying couch, his head
Drooped o'er his mother's bosom,—like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book
And slowly prest it to his bloodless lip.
"Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day gift,
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages with my humble prayer,
Until this sickness came."
He paused—for breath
Came scantly, and with a toilsome strife.
"Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers:
So *you who gave* must take it back again,
And love it for my sake." "My son!—My son!"
Whispered the mourner in that tender tone
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands, to soothe the pang of those she loves—
"*The soul!—the soul!*—to whose charge yield you that?"
"*To God who gave it.*" *So* that trusting soul,
With a slight shudder, and a lingering smile,
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

GREECE.

Up, thou New World!—The eye of Greece is dark,
Her glory waneth. When she sat enthroned
On the Acropolis, and heard the lore
Of Pallas echoing through the Academe,
Thou wert a savage with thy hunter bow
And feathery cincture. Now in dust she sits,
Weary and sad of heart. *She may not skill to read*
Her Father's book. Thou, who from her hast caught
The spirit of Harmodius, and sat down
Low at the feet of Socrates, and soared
High with ethereal Plato, and hast knelt
And thrilled, and wept, and trembled, as the lyre
Of mighty Homer smote thy wondering soul—
Up, pay thy debt. Restore her more than all
The burning alphabet of eloquence
Or the proud language of the arts could teach:
Yea, give the key of knowledge, and with gems
Drawn from the Gospel's everlasting mine,

GIFT OF A BIBLE.

Behold that Book,—o'er which, from ancient time,
Sad penitence hath poured the prayerful breath,
And meek devotion bowed with joy sublime,
And Nature armed her for the strife of death,
And trembling Hope renewed her wreath divine,
And Faith an anchor gained :—*that holy Book is thine.*

Behold the Book,—whose sacred truths to spread
Christ's heralds toil beneath a foreign sky,
Pouring its blessings o'er the heathen's head,
A martyr-courage kindling in their eye.
Wide o'er the globe its glorious light must shine,
As glows the arch of Heaven:—*that holy Book is thine.*

Here search with humble heart, and ardent eye,
Where plants of peace in bloom celestial grow,
Here breathe to Mercy's ear the contrite sigh,
And bid the soul's unsullied fragrance flow,
To Him who shuts the rose at even-tide,
And opes its dewy eye when earliest sunbeams glide.

May Heaven's pure Spirit touch thy youthful heart,
And guide thy feet through life's eventful lot,
That when from this illusive scene I part,
And in my grave lie mouldering and forgot,
This my first gift, like golden link may join
Thee to that angel-band around the throne divine.

PRAISE.

Put forth your leafy lutes,—ye wind-swept trees,
For well the sighing summer gales do love
To play upon them. Often have I heard,
When in sweet freshness came the gentle shower,
That pensive music at the fall of eve,
And blest it in my loneliness of soul.
Call forth, thou peopled grass, those weak-voiced tribes
That nest beneath thy waving canopy,
To wake their chirping chorus,—while thy sigh
In whispered symphony the cadence fills.
Utter your oral melody, ye streams,
As swift of foot, your mazy course you run,
To the cool pillow of some mightier tide.
And thou, old Ocean!—robed in solemn state,
Yield thy deep organ to the tempest's will,
And with the surges and the sweeping blasts
Pour such bold voluntary, that the stars
Stooping to listen to thy thunder-hymn
Shall tremble in their spheres.
Heart!—strike thy harp!
Join the full anthem of Creation's praise,
Ere thou shalt pour thy life-breath on the winds,
And sleep the sleep of silence and the grave.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER, WHILE ABSENT AT SCHOOL.

Sweet Sister,—is it so? And shall I see
Thy face on earth no more? And didst thou breathe
The last sad pang of agonizing life
Upon a stranger's pillow? No kind hand,
Of parent or of sister, near to press
Thy throbbing temples, when the shuddering dew
Stood thick upon them? And they say my name
Hung on thy lips 'mid the chill, parting strife.
Ah!—those were hallowed memories that could stir
Thy bosom thus in death. The tender song
Of cradle-nurture,—the low, lisping prayer,
Learned at our mother's knee,—the childish sport,
The gift divided, and the parted cake—
Our walk to school amid the dewy grass—
Our sweet flower-gatherings,—all those cloudless hours
Together shared, did wake a love so strong
That Time must yield it to Eternity
For its full crown. Would it had been my lot
But with one weeping prayer to gird thy heart
For its last conflict. Would that I had seen
That peaceful smile which Death did leave thy clay,
After his conquest o'er it. But the turf
On thy lone grave was trodden—while I deemed
Thee meekly musing o'er the classic page,
Loving and loved amid the studious band
As erst I left thee.

Sister!—toils and ills
Henceforth are past, for knowledge without pain,
A free, translucent, everlasting tide,
Doth fill thy spirit. Thou no more hast need
Of man's protecting arm,—for thou may'st lean
On *His* unchanging throne, who was thy trust
Even from thine early days. 'Tis well! 'Tis well!
Saviour of souls!—I thank thee for her bliss.

THE WAR-SPIRIT.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! how gorgeous thy path,
Pale Earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath,
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his throne,
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpet's wild cry,
While the folds of their banners gleam bright o'er the sky.

Thy glories are sought, till the life-throb is o'er,
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore,
Mid the ruins of columns and temples sublime,
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time;
The Muse o'er thy form throws her tissue divine,
And History her annal emblazons with thine.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! thy secrets are known,
I have looked on the field when the battle was done,
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey;
But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.

I have traced out thy march, by its features of pain,
While Famine and Pestilence stalked in thy train,
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,
And thy breath on the soul, was the plague-spot of hell;
Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame
The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the woe of our race;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried—
Let thy league with the grave and Aceldama cease,
And yield the torn world to the Angel of Peace.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

"O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that is at ease in his possessions."

Ecclesiasticus IV. 1.

The rich man moved in pomp. His soul was gorged
With the gross fulness of material things,
So that it spread no pinion forth to seek
A better world than this. There was a change,
And in the sleepless chamber of disease,
Curtained and nursed, and ill-content he lay.
He had a wasted and an eager look,
And on the healer's brow he fixed a glance,
Keen—yet imploring.
What he greatly feared
Had come upon him. So he went his way—
The way of all the earth—and his lands took
Another's name.
Why dost thou come, O Death!
To print the bridal chamber with thy foot,
And leave the ruin of thy ministry,
When love, and joy, and hope, so late had hung
Their diamond cressets?
To the cradle side
Why need'st thou steal, changing to thine own hue
Of ghastly pale, the youthful mother's brow;
And for her nightly watchings, leaving nought
In payment, but a piece of marble clay,

And the torn heart-strings in her bleeding breast,
—Come to the aged, he hath sorely trod
Time's rugged road, until his staff is broke,
And his feet palsied, and his friends all gone;
Put thy cold finger on life's last faint spark,
And scarcely gasping he shall follow thee.
—Come to the saint, for he will meekly take
Thy message to his soul, and welcome thee
In Jesu's name, and bless the shadowy gate
Which there dost open.
Wait awhile, Oh Death!
For those who love this fleeting world too well,
Wait, till it force their hearts to turn away
From all its empty promises, and loathe
Its deep hypocrisy. Oh! wait for those
Who have not tasted yet of Heaven's high grace,
Nor bring them to their audit, all unclothed
With a Redeemer's righteousness.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

Brilliant and beautiful!—And can it be
That in thy radiant eye there dwells no light—
Upon thy cheek no smile?—I little deemed
At our last parting, when thy cheering voice
Breathed the soul's harmony, what shadowy form
Then rose between us, and with icy dart
Wrote, "*Ye shall meet no more.*" I little deemed
That thy elastic step, Death's darkened vale
Would tread before me.

Friend! I shrink to say
Farewell to thee. In youth's unclouded morn
We gaze on friendship as a graceful flower,
And win it for our pleasure, or our pride.
But when the stern realities of life
Do clip the wings of fancy, and cold storms
Rack the worn cordage of the heart, it breathes
A healing essence, and a strengthening charm,
Next to the hope of heaven. Such was *thy love*,
Departed and deplored. Talents were thine
Lofty and bright, the subtle shaft of wit,
And that keen glance of intellect which reads,
Intuitive, the deep and mazy springs
Of human action. Yet such meek regard
For other's feelings, such a simple grace
And singleness of purpose, such respect
To woman's noiseless duties sweetly blent,
And tempered those high gifts, that every heart
That feared their splendour, loved their goodness too.
I see thy home of birth. Its pleasant halls

Put on the garb of mourning. Sad and lone
Are they who nursed thy virtues, and beheld
Their bright expansion through each ripening year.
To them the sacred name of *daughter* blent
All images of comforter and friend,
The fire-side charmer, and the nurse of pain,
Eyes to the blind, and, to the weary, wings.
What shall console their sorrow, when young morn
Upriseth in its beauty, but no smile
Of filial love doth mark it?—or when eve
Sinks down in silence, and that tuneful tone,
So long the treasure of their listening heart,
Uttereth no music?

Ah!—so frail are we—
So like the brief ephemeron that wheels
Its momentary round, we scarce can weep
Our own bereavements, ere we haste to share
The clay with those we mourn. A narrow point
Divides our grief-sob from our pang of death;
Down to the mouldering multitude we go,
And all our anxious thoughts, our fevered hopes,
The sorrowing burdens of our pilgrimage
In deep oblivion rest. Then let the woes
And joys of earth be to the deathless soul
Like the swept dew-drop from the eagle's wing
When waking in his strength, he sunward soars.

SLAVERY.

"Slavery is a dark shade on the Map of the United States."
La Fayette.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

We have a goodly clime,
Broad vales and streams we boast,
Our mountain frontiers frown sublime,
Old Ocean guards our coast;
Suns bless our harvest fair,
With fervid smile serene,
But a dark shade is gathering there—
What can its blackness mean?

We have a birth-right proud,
For our young sons to claim,
An eagle soaring o'er the cloud,
In freedom and in fame;
We have a scutcheon bright,
By our dead fathers bought,
A fearful blot distains its white—
Who hath such evil wrought?

Our banner o'er the sea
Looks forth with starry eye,
Emblazoned glorious, bold and free,
A letter on the sky,

What hand with shameful stain
Hath marred its heavenly blue?
The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,
Say, are these emblems true?

This day doth music rare
Swell through our nation's bound,
But Afric's wailing mingles there,
And Heaven doth hear the sound:
O God of power!—we turn
In penitence to thee,
Bid our loved land the lesson learn—
To bid the slave be free.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Come to thy lonely bower, thou who dost love
The hour of musing. Come, before the brow
Of twilight darkens, or the solemn stars
Look from their casement. 'Mid that hush of soul
Music from viewless harps shall visit thee,
Such as thou never heard'st amid the din
Of earth's coarse enginery, by toil and care
Urged on, without reprieve. Ah! kneel and catch
That tuneful cadence. It shall wing thy thought
Above the jarring of this time-worn world,
And give the key-tone of that victor-song
Which plucks the sting from death.
How closely wrapt
In quiet slumber are all things around!
The vine-leaf, and the willow-fringe stir not,
Nor doth the chirping of the feeblest bird,
Nor even the cold glance of the vestal moon,
Disturb thy reverie. Yet dost thou think
To be alone?—In fellowship more close
Than man with man, pure spirits hover near
Prompting to high communion with the Source
Of every perfect gift. Lift up the soul!
For 'tis a holy pleasure thus to find
Its melody of musing so allied
To pure devotion. Give thy prayer a voice;
Claiming Heaven's blessing on these sacred hours
Which in the world's warped balance weighed, might yield
But sharp derision. Sure they help to weave

Such robes as angels wear, and thou shalt taste
In their dear, deep, entrancing solitude,
Such sweet society,—that thou shalt leave
"Signet and staff," as pledges of return.

TO THE OCEAN.

Hail, glorious Ocean! In thy calm repose
Majestic like a king. The emerald isles
Sleep on thy breast, as though with matron care
Thou in a robe of light didst cradle them,
Hushing the gales that might disturb their rest.
Those chastened waves that in rotation throng
To kiss their chain of sand, methinks they seem
Like pensive teachers, or like eloquent types
Of the brief tenure of terrestrial joy.
Though roused to sudden anger, thou dost change
Thy countenance, and armed with terror, toss
Man's floating castles to the fiery skies:
Yet still thou art his friend. Thy mystic spell
Looseneth the tie of kindred, lures his feet
From earth's green pastures to the slippery shrouds,
Weans his bold spirit from the parent hearth,
Till by the rough and perilous baptism bronzed,
Thou art his priest, his home.
With toil and change
Creation labours. Streams their beds forsake,
Strong mountains moulder—the eternal hills
Leap from their firm foundations—planets fall;
But age thy fearful forehead furroweth not.
Earth's bosom bleeds beneath her warring sons,
The tempest scathes her with a foot of flame,
And her bloom withers; but what eye may trace
Where haughtiest navies poured their hostile wrath

Into thy breast, or the storm-spirit dashed
Thy salt tears to the sky? What hand hath reared
Upon thy ever-heaving pedestal
One monumental fane to those who sleep
Within thy cloistered chambers? Myriads there,
Wrapped in the tangled sea-fan's gorgeous shroud,
On thy pearl pavement find their sepulchre.
Earth strictly questioned for these absent ones,
Her beautiful, her brave, her innocent;
But thou, in thy unyielding silence gave
No tidings of them, and despotic bade
Beauty and Death, like rival kings, divide
Thy secret realm.
Mysterious Deep, farewell!
I turn from thy companionship. But lo,
Thy voice doth follow me. 'Mid lonely bower,
Or twilight dream, or wakeful couch, I hear
That solemn, and reverberated hymn
From thy deep organ which doth speak God's praise
In thunder, night and day.
Still by my side
Even as a dim seen spirit deign to walk
Prompter of holy thought, and type of *Him*,
Sleepless, immutable, omnipotent.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

"Columbus found that in advocating the spherical figure of the earth, he was in danger of being convicted not merely of *error*, but even of *heterodoxy*."

Washington Irving.

St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown,

Yon Western hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds there
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fates' unfolding scroll,
Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! On! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cesar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

"CHARITY BEARETH ALL THINGS."

St. Paul.

The lion loves his own.—The desert sands,
High tossed beneath his spurning foot, attest
The rage of his bereavement. With hoarse cries
Vindictive echoing round the rocky shores
The polar bear her slaughtered cub bewails,
While with a softer plaint where verdant groves
Responsive quiver to the evening breeze,
The mother-bird deplores her ravaged nest.
The *Savage loves his own*.—His wind-rocked babe
That rudely cradled 'mid the fragrant boughs,
Or on its toiling mother's shoulders bound
Shrinks not from sun or rain; his hoary sire,
And hunting-spear, and forest sports are dear.
The *Heathen loves his own*.—The faithful friend
Who by his side the stormy battle dares,
The chieftain, at whose nod his life-blood flows,
His native earth, and simple hut are dear.
The *Christian loves his own*.—But is his God
Content with this, who full of bounty pours
His sun-ray on the evil and the good,
And like a parent gathereth round his board
The thankless with the just? Shall man, who shares
This unrequited banquet, sternly bar
From his heart's brotherhood a fellow-guest?
Shall he within his bosom sternly hide

Retaliation's poison, when the smile
Of Heaven doth win him to the deeds of love?
Speak! servants of that Blessed One who gave
The glorious precept "love your enemies,"
Is it enough that ye should *love your friends*,
Even as the heathen do?
Is *He* who bore
The flight of friendship, the denial vow
Of coward love—the Pharisaic taunt—
Judea's maddened scourge—the Roman spear—
A world's offences, and the pang of death—
Is He *your Master*, if ye only walk
As Nature prompts?
If the love-beaming eye
Drink fond return reciprocal, the lip
That pours your praise, partake your sympathy
When sorrow blanches it, the liberal hand
Win by its gifts your meed of gratitude,
What do ye more than others? But on him
Whose frown of settled hatred mars your rest,
Who to the bosom of your fame doth strike
A serpent-sting, your kindest deeds requite
With treachery, and o'er your motives cast
The mist of prejudice; say, can you look
With the meek smile of patient tenderness,
And from the deep pavilion of your soul
Send up the prayer of blessing?
God of strength!
Be merciful! and when we duly kneel
Beside our pillow of repose, and say
"Forgive us, Father, even as we forgive,"
Grant that the murmured vision seal not
Our condemnation.

"THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY."

1 Corinthians VII. 31.

A Rose upon her mossy stem,
  Fair Queen of Flora's gay domain,
All graceful wore her diadem,
  The brightest 'mid the brilliant train;
But Evening came, with frosty breath,
  And ere the quick return of Day,
Her beauties in the blight of death
                Had past away.

I saw when morning gemmed the sky
  A fair young creature gladly rove,
Her moving lip was melody,
  Her varying smile the charm of love,
At eve I came—but on her bed
  She drooped—with forehead pale as clay,
"What dost thou here?"—she faintly said
                "*Passing away.*"

I looked on manhood's towering form
  Like some tall oak when tempests blow,
That scorns the fury of the storm
  And strongly strikes its root below,
Again I looked,—with idiot cower
  His vacant eye's unmeaning ray

Told how the mind of godlike power
May pass away.

Of Earth I asked, with deep surprise,
Hast thou no more enduring grace,
To lure thy trusting votaries
Along their toil-worn, shadowy race?
She answered not,—the grave replied,
"Lo! to my sceptre's silent sway
Her boasted beauty, pomp and pride,
Must pass away."

THE BURMANS AND THEIR MISSIONARY.

"Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ."

Letter of Rev. Dr. Judson.

THERE is a cry in Burmah, and a rush
Of thousand footsteps from the distant bound
Of watery Siam and the rich Lathay.
From the far northern frontier, pilgrims meet
The central dwellers in the forest-shades,
And on they press together. Eager hope
Sits in their eye, and on their lips the warmth
Of strong request. Is it for *bread* they seek,
Like the dense multitude which fainting hung
Upon the Saviour's words, till the third day
Closed in and left them hungering?
Not for food
Or raiment ask they. Simply girding on
The scanty garment o'er the weary limb,
They pass unmarked the lofty domes of wealth
Inquiring for a stranger. There he stands,
The mark of foreign climes is on his brow;
He hath no power, no costly gifts to deal
Among the people, and his lore perchance
The earth-bowed worldling with his scales of gold
Accounteth folly. Yet to him is raised
Each straining eye-ball, "Tell us of the Christ!"
And like the far off murmur of the sea

Lashed by the tempest, swelled their blended tone,
"*Sir,—we would hear of Christ. Give us a scroll*
Bearing his name."
And there that teacher stood,
Far from his native land,—amid the graves
Of his lost infants, and of her he loved
More than his life,—yes, there he stood *alone*,
And with a simple, saint-like eloquence
Spake his Redeemer's word. Forgot was all—
Home, boyhood, christian-fellowship—the tone
Of his sweet babes—his partner's dying strife—
Chains, perils, Burman dungeons, all forgot,
Save the deep danger of the heathen's soul,
And God's salvation. And methought that earth
In all she vaunts of majesty, or tricks
With silk and purple, or the baubled pride
Of throne and sceptre, or the blood-red pomp,
Of the stern hero, had not aught to boast
So truly great, so touching, so sublime,
As that lone Missionary, shaking off
All links and films and trappings of the world,
And in his chastened nakedness of soul
Rising to bear the embassy of Heaven.

"DIEM PERDIDA."

The Emperor Titus, at the close of a day, in which he had neither gained knowledge, or conferred benefit, used to exclaim—"*I have lost a day.*"

Why art thou sad,—thou of the sceptred hand?
The robed in purple, and the high in state?
Rome pours her myriads forth, a vassal band,
And foreign powers are crouching at thy gate,
Yet dost thou deeply sigh, as if oppressed by fate.

"*Diem perdida!*"—Pour the empire's treasure,
Uncounted gold, and gems of rainbow die,
Unlock the fountains of a monarch's pleasure
To lure the lost one back. I heard a cry,
One hour of parted time—a world is poor to buy.

"*Diem perdida!*"—'Tis a mournful story,
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell,
Of morning's firm resolves the vanished glory,
Hope's honey left within the withering bell,
And plants of mercy dead, which might have bloomed so well.

Hail, self-communing Emperor,—nobly wise!
There are, who, thoughtless, haste to life's last goal,
There are, who Time's long-squandered wealth despise,
Vitam perdida marks their finish scroll,
When Death's dark angel comes to claim the startled soul.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

The son of Herod sate in regal state
Fast by his sister-queen—and 'mid the throng
Of supple courtiers, and of Roman guards,
Gave solemn audience. Summoned to his bar
A prisoner came,—who with no flattering tone
Brought incense to a mortal. Every eye
Questioned his brow, with scowling eagerness,
As the he stood in bonds. But when he spoke
With such majestic earnestness, such grace
Of simple courtesy—with fervent zeal
So boldly reasoned for the truth of God,
The ardour of his heaven-taught eloquence
Wrought in the royal bosom, till its pulse
Responsive trembled with the new-born hope
"*Almost* to be a Christian."
So, he rose,
And with the courtly train swept forth in pomp.
"*Almost;*"—and was this all,—thou Jewish prince?
Thou listener to the ambassador of Heaven—
"*Almost persuaded!*"—Ah! hadst thou exchanged
Thy trappings and thy purple, for *his bonds*
Who stood before thee—hadst thou drawn his hope
Into thy bosom even with the spear
Of martyrdom—how great had been thy gain.
And ye, who linger while the call of God
Bears witness with your conscience, and would fain
Like king Agrippa follow,—yet draw back
Awhile into the vortex of the world

Perchance to swell the hoard, which Death shall sweep
Like driven chaff away, 'mid stranger hands,
Perchance by Pleasure's deadening opiate lulled
To false security—or by the fear
Of man constrained—or moved to give your sins
A little longer scope, beware!—beware!—
Lest that dread "*almost*" shut you out from Heaven.

APPEAL OF THE BLIND.

TO BE SUNG AT AN EXHIBITION OF BLIND BOYS.

Ye see the glorious sun
The varied landscape light,
The moon, with all her starry train,
Illume the arch of night,
Bright tree, and bird, and flower
That deck your joyous way,
The face of kindred, and of friend,
More fair, more dear than they.

For us there glows no sun,
No green and flowery lawn,
Our rayless darkness hath no moon,
Our midnight knows no dawn;
The parent's pitying eye,
To all our sorrows true,
The brother's brow, the sister's smile,
Have never met our view.

We have a lamp within,
That knowledge fain would light,
And pure Religion's radiance touch
With beams forever bright;
Say, shall it rise to share
Such radiance full and free?
And will ye keep a Saviour's charge,
And cause the blind to see?

THE LIBRARY.

Thou, whom the world with heartless intercourse
Hath wearied, and thy spirit's hoarded gold
Coldly impoverished, and with husks repaid,
Turn hither. 'Tis a quiet resting-place,
Silent, yet peopled well. Here may'st thou hold
Communion eloquent, and undismayed,
Even with the greatest of the ancient earth,
Sages, and sires of science. These shall gird
And sublimate thy soul, until it soar
Above the elements, and view with scorn
The thraldom of an hour.
Doth thy heart bleed,
And is there none to heal,—no comforter?
Turn to the mighty dead. They shall unlock
Full springs of sympathy, and with cool hand
Compress thy fevered brow. The poet's sigh
From buried ages on thine ear shall steal,
Like that sweet harp which soothed the mood of Saul.
The cloistered hero, and the throneless king,
In stately sadness shall admonish thee
How Hope hath dealt with man. A map of woe
The martyr shall unfold,—till in his pangs
Pity doth merge all memory of thine own.
Perchance unceasing care, or thankless toil
Do vex thy spirit, and sharp thorns press deep
Into the naked nerve. Still, hither come,
And close thy door upon the clamouring crowd,
Though for a moment. Grave and glorious shades

Rise up and gather round thee. Plato's brow
Doth blend rebuke with its benignity
That trifles thus should move thee—Seneca
Spreads to thy mind his richly-reasoning page,
While Socrates a cordial half-divine
Pours o'er thy drooping spirit.
But hath Heaven
Unveiled thy nature's deep infirmity,
And shown the spots that darken all we call
Perfection here? All lore of lettered Pride,
Philosophy and Science, then are vain,
They yield no help. Haste to the book of God!
Yea, come to Jesus!—Author of our faith,
And finisher—doubt not His word shall be
A tree of life to feed thy fainting soul,
Till thou arise where knowledge hath no bound,
And dwell a tireless student of the skies.

THE MOTHER.

"It may be Autumn, yea Winter, with the woman,—but with the *mother*, *as a mother*, it is always Spring."

Sermon of the Rev. Thomas Cobbet, at Lynn, 1665.

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care,
Time wrote his sorrows on her brow
And 'mid her frosted hair.

Hope, from her breast had torn away
Its rooting scathed and dry,
And on the pleasures of the gay
She turned a joyless eye.

What was it that like sunbeam clear
O'er her wan features run,
As pressing toward her deafened ear
I named her absent son?

What was it? Ask a mother's breast
Through which a fountain flows
Perennial, fathomless and blest,
By winter never froze.

What was it? Ask the King of kings,
Who hath decreed above
That change should mark all earthly things,
Except a mother's love.

DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

I saw thee at thy mother's side, when she was marble cold,
And thou wert like some cherub form cast in ethereal mould,
But when the sudden pang of grief oppressed thine infant thought,
And 'mid thy clear and radiant eye a liquid crystal wrought,
I thought how strong that faith must be that breaks a mother's tie,
And bids her leave her darling's tears for other hands to dry.

I saw thee in thine hour of sport, beside thy father's bower,
Amid his broad and bright parterre, thyself the fairest flower;
I heard thy tuneful voice ring out upon the summer air,
As though some bird of Eden poured its joyous carol there,
And lingered with delighted gaze on happy childhood's charms,
Which once the blest Redeemer loved, and folded in his arms.

I saw thee scan the classic page, with high and glad surprise,
And saw the sun of science beam, as on an eaglet's eyes,
And marked thy strong and brilliant mind arouse to bold pursuit,
And from the tree of knowledge pluck its richest, rarest fruit,
Yet still from such precocious power I shrank with secret fear,
A shuddering presage that thy race must soon be ended here.

I saw thee in the house of God, and loved the reverent air
With which thy beauteous head was bowed, low in thy guileless prayer,

Yet little deemed how soon thy place would be with that
blest band,
Who ever near the Eternal Throne in sinless worship stand;
And little deemed how soon the tomb must lock thy glorious
charms,
And wing thine ardent soul to find a sainted mother's arms.

SABBATH MORNING.

See! heaven wakes earth. There is an answering sigh
From the soft winds, as they unfurl their wings
Impalpable,—and touch the dimpling streams
Which the lithe willows kiss, and through the groves
Make whispering melody. Methinks the sea
Murmureth in tone subdued,—and nature smiles
As if within her raptured breast she caught
The breath of Deity.
Hail! hallowed Morn
That binds a yoke on Vice. Drooping her head,
She by her quaint hypocrisy doth show
How beautiful is Virtue. Eve will light
Her orgies up again—but at this hour
She trembleth and is still. Humility
From the cleft rock where she hath hid, doth mark
The girded majesty of God go by,
And kneeling, wins a blessing. Grief forgoes
Her bitterness—and round the tear-wet urn
Twines sweet and simple flowers. But most firm faith
Enjoys this holy season. She doth lift
Her brow and talk with seraphs,—till the soul
That by the thraldom of the week was bowed,
And crushed, and spent,—like the enfranchised slave
Doth leap to put its glorious garments on.

THE DESERT FLOWER.

A WEARY course the traveller held,
As on with footstep lone,
By scientific zeal impelled
He tracked the torrid zone.

His thoughts were with his native glades,
His father's pleasant halls,
Where darkly peer through woven shades
The abbey's ivied walls.

But to the far horizon's bound,
Wide as the glance could sweep,
The sandy desert spread around
Like one vast, waveless deep.

What saw he 'mid that dreary scene,
To wake his rapture wild?
A flower!—A flower!—with glorious mien,
Like some bright rainbow's child.

Kneeling he clasped it to his breast,
He praised its wonderous birth,
Fresh, fragile, beautiful and blest,
The poetry of earth.

No secret fountain through its veins
Sustaining vigor threw,
No dew refreshed those arid plains,
Yet there the stranger grew.

It seemed as if some tender friend,
Beloved in childhood's day,
A murmur through those leaves did send,
A smile to cheer his way:

And fervently a prayer for those
In his own distant bower,
Like incense from his heart uprose
Beside that Desert Flower.

For thus do Nature's hallowed charms
Man's softened soul inspire,
As to the infant in her arms
The mother points its sire.

THE SOUTH GEORGIAN LARK.

"The LARK is the only land-bird found in the island of Georgia, south-east of Cape Horn, the whole surface of which is constantly covered with snow and ice."

Malte Brun.

LONE minstrel of yon dreary isle, that shares no genial ray,
There is no discord in thy tone, no winter in thy lay,
And sweetly doth thy warbled song flow from yon sterile shores,
While the Pacific's monstrous surge, in deafening thunder roars.

No kindred wing with thine is spread those rugged cliffs to dare,
For even the undaunted eagle shrinks to hang his eyrie there;
But thou, when rude and bitter blasts thy shivering bosom chill,
High soaring in a flood of light, dost merge the pang of ill.

Thou, mid a prisoning realm of ice, thy callow young dost rear,
For well a parent's heart may warm earth's most inclement sphere,
And when amid thy snow-wreathed nest thou hear'st their chirping strain,
Thou hast a magic spell to make the tempest's anger vain.

Man should thy pupil be. Draw near, thou of the lordly mind,
Whose will the unmeasured universe in links of thought can bind;
Yet still beneath a transient woe, ingloriously dost droop,
Or shuddering at the frown of fate, on sky-borne pinion stoop:

What though Misfortune's shaft severe thy lingering hope destroys,
Till only some pale frost-flower stands to mark thy smitten joys;
What though Affliction's keenest dart thy inmost soul hath stoned,
Still heavenward lift the lay of praise, like the lone Georgian bird.

FLORA'S PARTY.

Lady Flora gave cards for a party at tea,
To flowers, buds and blossoms of every degree;
So from town and from country they thronged at the call,
And strove by their charms to embellish the hall.
First came the exotics, with ornaments rare,
The tall Miss Corcoris, and Cyclamen fair,
Auricula, splendid with jewels new set,
And gay Polyanthus, the pretty coquette.
The Tulips came flounting in gaudy array,
With Hyacinths bright as the eye of the day;
Dandy Coxcombs and Daffodils, rich and polite,
With their dazzling new vests and their corsets laced tight,
While the Soldiers in Green, cavalierly attired,
Were all by the ladies extremely admired.
But prudish Miss Lily, with bosom of snow,
Declared that "the officers stared at her *so*,
'Twas excessively rude," so retired in a fright,
And scarce paused to bid Lady Flora good night.
There were Myrtles and Roses from garden and plain,
And Venus's Fly-trap they brought in their train;
So the beaux clustered round them, they scarcely knew why,
At each smile of the lip, or each glance of the eye.
Madame Damask complained of her household and care,
How she seldom went out even to breathe the fresh air;
There were so many young ones and servants to stray,
And the thorns grew so fast if *her* eye was away:
"Neighbour Moss Rose," said she, "you who live like a queen,
And scarce wet your fingers, do'nt know what I mean:"

So that notable lady went on with her lay,
Till the auditors yawned and stole softly away.
The sweet Misses Woodbine, from country and town,
With their brother-in-law, Colonel Trumpet, came down;
And Lupine, whose azure-eye sparkled with dew,
On Amaranth leaned, the unchanging and true,
While modest Clematis appeared as a bride,
And her husband, the Lilac, ne'er moved from her side,
Though the belles giggled loudly and vowed "'twas a shame,
For a young married chit such attention to claim;
They never attended a rout in their life,
Where a city-bred gentleman spoke to his wife."
Mrs Piony came in quite late, in a heat,
With the Ice-plant, new spangled from forehead to feet;
Lobelia, attired like a queen in her pride,
And the Dahlias, with trimmings new-furbished and dyed;
And the Blue-bells and Hare-bells, in simple array,
With all their Scotch cousins from highland and brae.
Ragged Ladies and Marigolds clustered together,
And gossiped of scandal, the news, and the weather—
What dresses were worn at the wedding so fine
Of sharp Mr. Thistle and sweet Columbine;
Of the loves of Sweet William and Lily the prude,
Till the clamours of Babel again seemed renewed.
In a snug little nook sate the Jessamine pale,
And that pure fragrant Lily, the gem of the vale;
The meek Mountain-daisy, with delicate crest,
And the Violet, whose eye told the heaven in her breast;
While allured to their group were the wise ones who bowed
To that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd.
But the proud Crown Imperial, who wept in her heart
That modesty gained of such homage a part,
Looked haughtily down on their innocent mien,
And spread out her gown that they might not be seen.
The bright Lady-slippers and Sweet-briars agreed
With their slim cousin Aspens a measure to lead;

And sweet 'twas to see their light footsteps advance
Like the wing of the breeze through the maze of the dance;
But the Monk's-hood scowled dark, and in utterance low,
Declared "'twas high time for good Christians to go;
He'd heard from his parson a sermon sublime,
Where he proved from the Vulgate—*to dance was a crime.*"
So folding a cowl round his cynical head,
He took from the side-board a bumper and fled.

A song was desired, but each musical flower
Had "taken a cold, and 'twas out of her power;"
Till sufficiently urged, they burst forth in a strain
Of quavers and thrills that astonished the train.
Mimosa sat shrinking, and said with a sigh—
"'Twas so fine, she was ready with rapture to die:"
And Cactus, the grammar-school tutor, declared
"It might be with the gamut of Orpheus compared:"
But Night-shade, the metaphysician, complained
That "the nerves of his ears were excessively pained;
'Twas but seldom he crept from the college, he said,
And he wished himself safe in his study or bed."

There were pictures whose splendour illumined the place,
Which Flora had finished with exquisite grace:
She had dipped her free pencil in Nature's pure dies,
And Aurora re-touched with fresh purple the skies.
So the grave connoisseurs hasted near them to draw,
Their knowledge to show by detecting a flaw.
The Carnation took her eye-glass from her waist,
And pronounced they were "scarce in good keeping or taste."
While prim Fleur de Lis, in her robe of French silk,
And magnificent Calla, with mantle like milk,
Of the Louvre recited a wonderful tale,
And said "Guido's rich tints made dame Nature turn pale."
Mr. Snowball assented, proceeding to add
His opinion that "*all Nature's colouring was bad;*"
He had thought so e'er since a few days he had spent
To study the paintings of Rome, as he went

To visit his classmate Gentiana, who chose
His abode on the Alps, in a palace of snows:
But he took on Mont Blanc such a terrible chill
That ever since that he'd been pallid and ill.

Half withered Miss Hackmetack bought a new glass,
And thought with her neices, the Spruces, to pass;
But Bachelor Holly, who spyed her out late,
Destroyed all her hopes by a hint at her date:
So she pursed up her mouth and said tartly with scorn,
"*She could not remember before she was born.*"
Old Jonquil the crooked-backed beau had been told
That a tax would be laid on bachelor's gold;
So he bought a new coat and determined to try
The long disused armour of Cupid, so sly,
Sought out half opened buds in their infantine years,
And ogled them all, till they blushed to the ears.

Philosopher Sage, on a sofa was prosing,
With good Dr. Chamomile quietly dozing;
Though the Laurel descanted with eloquent breath,
Of heroes and battles, of victory and death,
Of the conquests of Greece, and Botzaris the brave,
"He had trod on his steps and had sighed o'er his grave."
Farmer Sunflower was near, and decidedly spake
Of the "poultry he fed, and the oil he might make;"
For the true-hearted soul deemed a weather-stained face,
And a toil-hardened hand no mark of disgrace.
Then he beckoned his nieces to rise from their seat,
The plump Dandelion and Cowslip so neat,
And bade them to "pack up their duds and away
For he believed in his heart 'twas the break o' the day."

'Twas indeed very late, and the coaches were brought,
For the grave matron flowers of their nurseries thought;
The lustre was dimmed of each drapery rare,
And the lucid young brows looked beclouded with care;
All save the bright Cereus, that belle so divine,
Who preferred through the curtains of midnight to shine.

Now they curtseyed and bowed, as they moved to the door,
But the Poppy snored loud ere the parting was o'er,
For Night her last candle was snuffing away,
And Flora grew tired, though she begged them to stay;
Exclaimed "all the watches and clocks were too fast,
And old Time ran in spite, lest her pleasure should last."
But when the last guest went with daughter and wife,
She vowed she "was never so glad in her life;"
Called out to her maids, who with weariness wept,
To "wash all the glasses and cups ere they slept;
For Aurora, that pimp, with her broad, staring eye,
Always tried in her house some disorder to spy:"
Then she sipped some pure honey-dew, fresh from the lawn,
And with Zephyrons hasted to sleep until dawn.

WINTER.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
The blushing flowret, the rejoicing stream,
Thy dicipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
Thy lengthened eve is full of fireside joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
Earth, robed in white, a peaceful sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest shouting.

Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions, and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the tost bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shattered cordage, and restore
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for Time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired
By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save.

The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth, frozen lake, as the first star

Hangs pure and cold its twinkling cresset forth,
And throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
Ask of his lessons, while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To "bless the lad." The timid infant learns
Better to love its sire—and longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken.

Come thou to life's feast
With dove-eyed meekness, and bland charity,
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blasts
The minstrel teacher of thy well tuned-soul,
And when the last drop of its cup is drained—
Arising with a song of praise—go up
To the eternal banquet.

THE LAST WORD OF THE DYING.

A christian friend, in the last moments of life, when it was supposed all communication with mortals had ceased—spelt, with her fingers, in the dialect of the deaf and dumb, the word—"Mother."

'Tis o'er!—'Tis o'er!
That lip of gentle tone
Doth speak to man no more;
It hath given the parting kiss
To him with whom was learned to prove
The climax of terrestial bliss,
Deep, and confiding love;
It hath sighed its last bequest
On the weeping sister's breast,
Its work is done.

The soul doth wait for thee,
Redeemer!—strong to save
Thy ransomed from the grave,
It waiteth to be free.
Still, on the darkened eye
It lingereth, wishful to convey
One message more, to frail mortality,
Then soar away.

There is no breath to speak,
No life-blood in the cheek,
Listening Love doth strive in vain
Those pearls of thought to gain,

Which on its upward track
Thus from Heaven's threshold bright, the spirit throweth back.
But with remembered skill
The *hand* interprets still,
Though speech with broken lyre is faithless to the will,
Those poor, pale fingers weave with majestic art,
One last, lone thrilling word to echo through the heart.

"*Mother.*"
Oh! yet a moment stay,
Friend!—Friend!—what would'st thou say?
What strong emotion with that word doth twine!
She, whose soft hand did dry thine infant tear,
Hovereth she now, with love divine
Thy dying pillow near?
And is the import of thy sign
That she is here?
Faithful to thine extremest need
Descends she from her blissful sphere,
With the soft welcome of an angel's reed
Thy passage through the shadowy vale to cheer?

Or doth affection's root
So to earth's soil adhere—
That thou, in fond pursuit,
Still turn'st to idols dear?
Drawest thou the curtain from a cherished scene
Once more with yearning to survey
The little student over his book serene,
The glad one at his play,
The blooming babe so lately on thy breast
Cradled to rest—
Those three fair boys,
Lingers thy soul with them, even from heaven's perfect joys?
Say—wouldst thou teach us thus, how strong a mother's tie?
That when all others fade away,
Stricken down in mouldering clay,

Springs up with agonizing hold, on vast eternity!
Fain would we hear thee tell,
But ah!—the closing eye,
The fluttering, moaning sigh,
Speak forth the disembodied friend's farewell,
We toil to break the seal, with fruitless pain,
Time's fellowship is riven:—earth's question is in vain.

Yet we shall know
Thy mistery—thou who unexplained hast fled
Where secret things are read,
We after thee shall go
In the same path of woe
Down to the dead.
Oh Christ!—whose changeless trust
Went with her to the dust,
Whose spirit free,
Did shield her from the victor's power,
Suffer us not, in Death's dread hour
To fall from Thee.

SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF THE REVEREND DR. PAYSON.

"The eye spoke after the tongue became motionless. Looking on his wife, and glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, it rested on his eldest son, with an expression, which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if he had uttered the words of the beloved disciple—'Behold thy mother.'"

Memoir of the Reverend Edward Payson.

What said the eye? The marble lip spake not,
Save in that quivering sob with which stern Death
Doth crush life's harp-strings. Lo! again it pours
A tide of more than uttered eloquence,—
"Son! look upon thy mother," and retires
Beneath the curtain of the drooping lids
To hide itself for ever. Tis the last—
Last glance!—and ah! how tenderly it fell
Upon that loved companion and the groups
Who wept around. Full well the dying knew
The value of those holy charities
Which purge the dross of selfishness away;
And deep he felt that woman's trusting heart,
Rent from the cherished prop which, next to Christ,
Had been her stay in all adversities,
Would take the balm-cup best from that dear hand
Which woke the sources of maternal love;
That smile whose winning paid for sleepless nights
Of cradle-care, that voice whose murmured tones
Her own had moulded to the words of prayer.

How soothing to a widowed mother's breast,
Her first-born's sympathy.
Be strong, young man!
Lift the protector's arm, the healer's prayer—
Be tender in thy every word and deed,
A Spirit watcheth thee! Yes, He who past
From shaded earth up to the full orbed day
Will be thy witness in the court of heaven
How thou dost bear his mantle. So farewell,
Leader in Israel! Thou whose radiant path
Was like the angel's standing* in the sun,
Undazzled and unswerving, it was meet
That thou should'st rise to light without a cloud.

Revelations, xix. 17.

THE CHILDREN OF HENRY FIRST.

Light sped a bark from Gallia's strand
  Across the azure main,
And on her deck a joyous band,
  A proud and courtly train,
Surrounded Albion's princely heir
  Who toward his realm returned,
And music's cheering strain was there,
  And hearts with pleasure burned.

It was a fair and glorious sight
  That gallant bark to see,
With floating streamers glittering bright
  In pomp of chivalry:
The smooth sea kissed her as she flew,
  The gentle gale impelled,
As if each crested billow knew
  What wealth her bosom held.

But strangely o'er the summer sky
  A sable cloud arose,
And hollow winds careering high
  Rushed on like armed foes;
Loud thunders roll—wild tempests rave,
  Red lightnings cleave the sky—
What is yon wreck amid the wave?
  And whence that fearful cry?

See! see! amid the foaming surge
There seems a speck to float,
And with such speed as oars can urge
Toils on the labouring boat,
The Prince is safe—but to his ear
There fell a distant shriek,
Which to his strained eye brought the tear,
And paleness to his cheek.

That voice! 'twas by his cradle side,
When with sweet dream he slept,
It ruled his wrath, it soothed his pride,
When moody boyhood wept,
'Twas with him in his hour of glee,
Gay sports and pastimes rare,
And at his sainted mother's knee,
Amid the evening prayer.

Plunging he dared the breakers hoarse,
None might the deed restrain,
And battled with a maniac's force
The madness of the main:
He snatched his sister from the wreck,
Faint was her accent dear,
Yet strong her white arms 'twined his neck—
"Blest William! art thou here?"

The wild waves swelled like mountains on,
The blasts impetuous sweep;
Where is the heir of England's throne?
Go—ask the insatiate deep!
He sleeps in Ocean's coral grove,
Pale pearls his bed adorn,
A martyr to that holy love
Which with his life was born.

Woe was in England's halls that day,
  Woe in her royal towers,
While low her haughty monarch lay
  To wail his smitten flowers;
And though protracted years bestow
  Bright honour's envied store,
Yet on that crowned and lofty brow
  The smile sat never more.

THE SILVER AND THE GOLD ARE MINE.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine,—saith the Lord of Hosts."
HAGGAI II. 8.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the mine,
And whose the silver? Are they not the Lord's?
And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,
And the broad earth with all her gushing spring,
Are they not his who made them?
Ye who hold
Slight tenantry therein, and call your lands
By your own names, and lock your gathered gold
From him who in his bleeding Saviour's name
Doth ask a part, whose shall those riches be
When like the grass-blade from the autumn-frost,
You fall away?
Point out to me the forms
That in your treasure-chambers shall enact
Glad mastership, and revel where you toiled,
Sleepless and stern? *Strange faces are they all.*
Oh man! whose wrinkling labour is for heirs,
Thou knowest not who, thou in thy mouldering bed
Unkenned, unchronicled, of them shalt sleep,
Nor will they thank thee that thou didst bereave
Thy soul of good for them.
Now, thou mayest give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul

A place in Heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude. Speak as thou art
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

WINTER HYMN.

Thou bidd'st the glorious sun
The morning landscape light,
While mountains, vales and hillocks shine
In winter's frost-work bright.

The imploring trees stretch forth
Their trusting arms to Thee,
Who shield'st the naked in their hour
Of cold adversity.

Thou o'er the tender germ
The curtaining snow dost spread,
And give it slumber as a babe
Deep in its cradle-bed.

A chain is on the streams,
And on the summer-flood,
Yet still their sparkling eyes look up
And beam with gratitude.

The bee hath left her toil,
Within her cell to sleep,
The warbling tenants of the air
A silent sabbath keep.

Thou mak'st the lengthened eve,
The friend of wisdom prove,
And bid'st it bind confiding hearts
In closer links of love.

Oh Thou, the God of Hope,
  Blest Author of our days,
Forbid that Winter chill our heart,
  Or check the strain of praise.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

King Henry sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed—
Sir Bernardine du Born;
And he, that haughty glance returned
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles, and thy rebel-towers,
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou, beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

"Deignest thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou, with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
He blenched not in his pride,
"My reason failed, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
Past o'er the monarch's brow,

Touched was that bleeding chord of love,
To which the mightiest bow:
Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first born moved,
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport,
Or youth's untamed career,
With him the merry chase he sought
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode,
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim,
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him—
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send his grace to thee,
And for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth—unscathed and free."

COLD WATER.

The thirsty flowrets droop. The parching grass
Doth crisp beneath the foot, and the wan trees
Perish for lack of moisture. By the side
Of the dried rills, the herds despairing stand,
With tongue protruded. Summer's fiery heat
Exhaling, checks the thousand springs of life.
Marked ye yon cloud sail forth on angel-wing?
Heard ye the herald-drops, with gentle force
Stir the broad leaves?—and the protracted rain
Waking the streams to run their tuneful way?
Saw ye the flocks rejoice—and did ye fail
To thank the God of fountains?
See the hart
Pant for the water-brooks. The fervid sun
Of Asia glitters on his leafy lair,
As fearful of the lion's wrath, he hastes
With timid footstep though the whispering reeds,
Quick plunging 'mid the renovating stream
The copious draught inspires his bounding veins
With joyous vigour.
Patient o'er the sands,
The burden-bearer of the desert-clime,
The camel, toileth. Faint with deadly thirst
His writhing neck of bitter anguish speaks.
Lo!—an oasis, and a tree-girt well,
And moved by powerful instinct, on he speeds
With agonizing speed—to *drink or die.*

On his swift courser—o'er the burning wild,
The Arab cometh. From his eager eye
Flashes desire. Seeks he the sparkling wine
Giving its golden colour to the cup?
No!—to the gushing spring he flies, and deep
Buries his scorching lip and laves his brow,
And blesses Allah.

Christian pilgrim, come!
Thy brother of the Koran's broken creed
Doth teach thee wisdom, and with courteous hand
Nature, thy mother, holds the crystal cup
And bids thee pledge her in the element
Of temperance and health.

Drink and be whole,
And purge the fever-poison from thy veins,
And pass in purity and peace, to taste
The river flowing from the throne of God.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial places of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink;—and mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblation to the tombs of their children.

DAUGHTER!—I bring thee food,
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa, with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright,
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from thy favourite tree,
Nuts in their ripe and husky fold,
Dearest! I spread for thee.

Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat,
But now the snow-hairs mark my head
And age enchains my feet;
Oh! many a change of woe
Hath dimmed thy spot of birth
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

There came a midnight cry,
Flames from our hamlet rose,

A race of pale-browed men were nigh,
They were our country's foes.
Thy wounded sire was borne
By tyrant force away,
Thy brothers from our cabin torn
While in my blood I lay.

I watched for their return
Upon the rocky shore
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er;
Till seeds their hand had sown
A ripened fruitage bore,
The billows echoed to my moan,
Yet they returned no more.

But thou art slumbering deep,
And to my wildest cry,
When pierced with agony I weep,
Dost render no reply.
Daughter! my youthful pride,
The idol of my eye,
Why didst thou leave thy mother's side
Beneath these sands to lie?

Long o'er the hopeless grave
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save
That Pagan mourner wept:
Oh! for some voice of power
To sooth her bursting sighs,
"There is a resurrection hour!
Thy daughter's dust shall rise!"

Christians!—Ye hear the cry
From heathen Afric's strand,

Haste! lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land;
With faith that claims the skies
Her misery control
And plant the hope that never dies,
Deep in her tear-wet soul.

THE INSTITUTION.

Come to thy place, thou blessed of the Lord,
Come up into thy place. The tuneful choir,
The solemn organ, with its gladdening breath,
The sunbeam pouring through the tinted pane
A flood of richness, all with varied voice
Do give thee welcome. But there flows a tide
Of deeper gratulation through those hearts
Which hail thee as Jehovah's messenger
To them for good. Yea, enter in, and take
Thy holy office. With the Spirit's power
Preach thou repentance—aid the victor-strife
O'er vanity and sin; lead hungering souls
To their Redeemer's feast; instruct to wear
The rose-bud garland of prosperity
With chastened joy, and ever through the maze
Of earthly discipline, to recognize
A Father's hand.

Come to our hearths, our homes,
And as our infants climb upon thy knee
Speak of His lessons and His love, who bade
Such little ones, with unforbidden trust,
Cling to his bosom. So their hearts shall blend
The incipient knowledge of a law divine
With thy paternal smile. Come, when the hour
Of sickness darkens—when the nightly clock
Is told in anguish, and the stifled step
Of the meek watcher is a weariness,

Come with the gospel's balm, and like the dew
Of Hermon, to the fainting lily—cheer
The sufferer's spirit.
When the brow is blanched,
And the cold, quivering lip doth feebly spurn
Time's last poor water-drop—then be thou near;
Yea, when the dull ear to affection's tone
No longer vibrates, lift thy fervent prayer
And to the waiting angels' outspread wing,
And to the Everlasting Shepherd's arms,
Commend the parting soul.
When the pale clay
That love hath worshipped, to the open grave
In funeral vestments cometh, stand thou there,
And by the might of thine ascended Lord
Adjure the pit to render back its trust
A glorious body when the archangel's trump
Heralds eternity.
So guide thy flock
Faithful in all their need, whether their path
By crystal streams shall wind, with flowers besprent,
Or sad through withering pastures, where the vine
Yieldeth no fruit, and winter's stormy wrath
Doth desolate the fold, so guide them still,
And girded by their blessings and their prayers,
Go on in priestly sanctity to God.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER, SOON AFTER HER INFANT SON.

There's a cry from that cradle-bed,
The voice of an infant's woe;
Hark! hark! to the mother's rushing tread,
In her bosom's fold she hath hid his head,
And his wild tears cease to flow.
Yet he must weep again,
And when his eye shall know
The burning brine of manhood's pain
Or youth's unuttered woe,
That mother fair
With her full tide of sympathies, alas! may not be there.
On earth, the tree of weeping grows
Fast by man's side where'er he goes,
And o'er his brightest joys, its bitterest essence flows.

But *she*, from her sweet home
So lately fled away,
She for whose buried smile the fond heart mourns this day,
Hath tasted rapture undefiled;
She hath gone to her child—she hath gone to her child,
Where sorrow may never come.

He was the precious one,
The prayed for, the adored—

And from each rising sun
Till Night her balmy cup of silence poured,
For him the paths of knowledge she explored,
Feeding his eager mind with seraph's bread,
Till intellectual light o'er his fair features spread.
But ah! he bowed to die,
Strange darkness sealed his eye,
And there he lay, like marble in his shroud;
He, at whose infant might even trembling Love was proud.
Yet she who bore him shrank not 'neath the rod,
Laying her chastened soul low at the feet of God.
Now is her victory won,
Her strife of battle o'er,
She hath found her son—she hath found her son,
Where Death is a king no more.

She hath gone to see how bright doth shine
In eternity's sphere that lamp divine,
Which here 'mid the storms of earth severe
She tenderly nursed with a mother's fear:
Forgotten are all her toils,
The pang hath left no trace,
When Memory hoardeth in Heaven its spoils
These have no place.

Mothers! whose speechless care,
Whose unrequited sigh,
Weary arm and sleepless eye
Change the fresh rose-bud on the cheek to paleness and despair,
Look up! Look up to the bountiful sky,
Earth may not pay your debt, your record is on high.
Ye have gazed in doubt on the plants that drew
From your gentle hand their nightly dew—
Ye have given with trembling your morning kiss,
Ye have sown in pain—ye shall reap in bliss;

The mother's tear, the mother's prayer,
In faith for her offspring given,
Shall be counted as pearls at the judgment-bar,
And win the gold of heaven.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

There fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees,
Reft of their coronals, and the crisp vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought the dust,
Mourned the long drought. The miserable herds
Pined on, and perished 'mid the scorching fields,
And near the vanished fountains where they used
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning flocks
Laid their parched mouths, and died.

A holy man,
Who saw high visions of unuttered things,
Dwelt in deep-musing solitude apart
Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark winged birds,
Intractable and fierce, were strangely moved
To shun the hoarse cries of their callow brood,
And night and morning lay their gathered spoils
Down at his feet. So, of the brook he drank,
Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill
Which singing, used to glide to Jordan's breast.
Then, warned of God, he rose and went his way
Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates
Of Zerephath, he marked a lowly cell
Where a pale, drooping widow, in the depth
Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
Prepared the last, scant morsel for her son,
That he might eat and die.

The man of God
Entering, requested food. Whether that germ

Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it strong
For life's sever e and unapplauded tasks,
Sprang up at his appeal, or whether He
Who ruled the ravens, wrought within her heart,
I cannot say, but to the stranger's hand
She gave the bread. Then, round the famished boy
Clasping her widowed arms, she strained him close
To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye
Wondering and wishfully regarded her
With ill-subdued reproach.
A blessing fell
From the majestic guest, and every morn
The empty store which she had wept at eve,
Mysteriously replenished woke the joy
That ancient Israel felt, when round their camp
The manna lay like dew. Thus many days
They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy
Looked up with a clear eye, while vigorous health
Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure cheek,
And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs
Come like a garment. The lone widow mused
On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's name
Gave not the praise, but when the silent moon
Moved forth all radiant, on her star-girt throne,
Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and hailed
In the deep chorus of Zidonian song
"Astarte, queen of Heaven!"
But then there came
A day of wo. That gentle boy, in whom
His mother lived, for whom alone she deemed
Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
And on the prophet of the Lord, her lip
Called with indignant frenzy. So he came
And from her bosom took the breathless clay,
And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt

In supplication, that the dead might live.
He rose, and looked upon the child. His cheek
Of marble meekly on the pillow lay,
While round his polished forehead, the bright curls
Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept
Beauty and innocence in Death's embrace,
It seemed a mournful thing to waken them.
Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith
Had power o'er Nature's elements, to seal
The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
And soon, from death escaping, was to soar
On car of flame up to the throne of God,
Long, long, with labouring breast, and lifted eyes,
Solicited in anguish. On the dead
Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor seemed
To settle on those features, and the hand,
In its immovable coldness, told how firm
Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
The awful seer laid down his humble lip
Low to the earth, and his whole being seemed
With concentrated agony to pour
Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
Limits to prayer, if it hath entered heaven,
And won a spirit down to its dense robe
Of earth again?
Look! look upon the boy!
There was a trembling of the parted lip,
A sob—a shiver—from the half-sealed eye
A flash like morning—and the soul came back
To its frail tenement.
The prophet raised
The renovated child, and on that breast
Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
Laid the fair head once more
If ye would know
Aught of that wildering trance of ecstacy,

Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour
Believed,—and with the kindling glow of faith
Turned from vain idols to the living God.

HEAVEN BRIGHTER THAN EARTH.

"Oh! make Heaven seem brighter than this world."
Dying words of the Rev. Mr. Bruen.

Those skies, no night that wear,
Nor cloud nor tempest know,
Those flowers no blight that bear,
Those streams that stainless flow—
Are they not brighter far
Than all that lures us here?
Where storms may fright each timid star
From Midnight's lonely sphere.

Here, Hope of sorrow drinks,
Here Beauty fades with care,
And Virtue from Temptation shrinks,
And Folly finds Despair;
But 'mid that world above
No baneful step may stray,
The white-winged seraph's glance of love
Would melt each ill away.

Friendship is there the guest
Of chilling doubt no more,
And Love, with thornless breast,
Whose pangs and fears are o'er:

There is no farewell sigh
  Throughout that blessed clime,
No mourning voice, nor severed tie,
  Nor change of hoary time.

Why plant the cypress near
  The pillow of the just?
Why dew with murmuring tear
  Their calm and holy dust?
Rear there the rose's pride,
  Bid the young myrtle bloom,
Fit emblems of their joys who bide
  Beyond the insatiate tomb.

'Mid that celestial place
  Our soaring thoughts would glow,
Even while we run this pilgrim-race
  Of weariness and woe;
For who would shrink from death
  With sharp and icy hand,
Or heed the pangs of shortening breath,
  To win that glorious land?

SUDDEN DEATH OF A LADY.

No sound the ear of Midnight heard,
  No ripple woke the stream,
No breath the slumbering rose-leaf stirred
  Nor marred Affection's dream:
On Winter's pavement, sheen and cold,
  There was no echoing tread,
No hand upon the curtain's fold,
  Yet on the Spoiler sped.

The Spoiler Spirit! what sought he
  Within that blissful bower!—
The gold on which Care turns the key
  To thwart the robber's power!
Pale, gleaming pearls that er'st did glow
  Down in the deep, dark seas?
The diamond or the ruby? No!
  He came not forth for these.

Morn rose, and sweet the sabbath-bell
  From tower and dell did break,
And with a high and solemn swell
  Glad praise God's temple spake:
But where is she, with form of grace,
  With cheek serenely fair,
Who near God's altar loved the place?
  Go ask the Spoiler where!

Slow Evening veiled yon rifled bower,
An infant group are there,
Why doth no mother mark the hour
To hear their murmured prayer?
And why doth grief's unwonted tide
O'erflow their wondering eye?
They mourn to think their angel-guide
Should turn from them, and die.

Dear, beauteous babes! On you the morn
Fresh beams of hope shall pour,
Ye know not from your arms is torn
What earth can ne'er restore:
Yet one is near, whose widowed breast,
Whose brow, stern Sorrow's prey,
In lines too strong for speech, attest
What Death hath borne away.

Love yields the grave its idol-trust,
While the rent heart-strings bleed,
But Faith, whose pinion scorns the dust,
Blames not the Spoiler's deed;
A new and tuneful lyre she hears,
Where joys forever bloom,
And bids us through our blinding tears
Write *blessed* on the tomb.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

Come, Son of Israel, scorned in every land,
Outcast and wandering—come with mournful step
Down to the dark vale of Jehoshaphat,
And weigh the remnant of thy hoarded gold
To buy thyself a grave among the bones
Of patriarchs and of prophets, and of kings.
It is a glorious place to take thy rest,
Poor child of Abraham, 'mid those awful scenes,
And sceptred monarchs, who with Faith's keen eye
Piercing the midnight darkness that o'erhung
Messiah's coming, gave their dying flesh
Unto the worm, with such a lofty trust
In the strong promise of the invisible.
Here are damp gales to lull thy dreamless sleep,
And murmuring recollections of that lyre
Whose passing sweetness bore King David's prayer
Up to the ear of Heaven, and of that strain
With which the weeping prophet dirge-like sung
Doomed Zion's visioned woes. Yon rifted rocks,
So faintly purpled by the westering sun,
Reveal the unguarded walls, the silent towers,
Where in her stricken pomp, Jerusalem
Sleeps like a palsied princess, from whose head
The diadem hath fallen. Still half-concealed
In the deep bosom of that burial-vale
A fitful torrent, 'neath its time-worn arch
Hurries with hoarse tale mid the echoing tombs.
Thou too art near, rude-featured Olivet,
So honoured of my Saviour.

Tell we where
His blessed knees thy flinty bosom prest,
When all night long his wrestling prayer went up;
That I may pour my tear-wet orison
Upon that sacred spot. Thou Lamb of God!
Who for our sakes wert wounded unto death,
Bid blinded Zion turn from Sinai's fires
Her tortured foot, and from the thundering law
Her terror-stricken ear rejoicing raise
Unto the Gospel's music. Bring again
Thy scattered people who so long have borne
A fearful punishment, so long wrung out
The bitter dregs of pale astonishment
Into the wine-cup of the wondering earth.
And oh! to us, who from our being's dawn
Lisp out Salvation's lessons, yet do stray
Like erring sheep, to us thy Spirit give,
That we may keep thy law, and find thy fold,
Ere in the desolate city of the dead
We make our tenement, while Earth doth blot
Our history from the record of mankind.

FAREWELL TO AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

Farewell, thou consecrated dome,
Whence prayer and chant and anthem rose,
Whose walls have given meek hope a home,
And tearful penitence, repose.

Here gathered round her shepherd-guide
A flock, to the Redeemer dear,
While praise in full responsive tide
Soared heavenward, to its native sphere.

Here at this altar's hallowed side,
Oft was the bond of deathless love
Sealed by the kneeling, trembling bride—
Where is that bride? Perchance above.

The mother here her infant drew,
Unscathed by sin, or sorrrow's rod,
To win the pure, baptismal dew—
Where is that mother? Ask of God.

And duly here have childhood's train
Bowed to Instruction's mildest sway;
But were those ceaseless lessons vain?
The page of doom alone can say.

Here many a brow in beauty's prime
Hath faded, like the rose-tinged cloud,
And many a head grown white with time,
That towered in manhood's glory proud.

Oh! if from yon celestial place,
  Bright bands regard a world like this,
Here many a sainted soul may trace
  The birth-place of its endless bliss.

With tenderest recollections fraught,
  How do these parting moments swell!
Thou ancient nurse of holy thought,
  Dear, venerated friend, farewell!

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

"Lift up your heads, ye hallowed gates, and give
The King of Glory room."
And then a strain
Of solemn, trembling melody inquired,
"Who is the King of Glory?"
But a sound
Brake from the echoing temple, like the rush
Of many waters, blent with organ's breath,
And the soul's harp, and the uplifted voice
Of prelate, and of people, and of priest
Responding joyously—"*the Lord of Hosts,*
He is the King of Glory."
Enter in,
To this his new abode, and with glad heart
Kneel low before his footstool. Supplicate
That favouring presence which doth condescend
From the pavilion of high heaven to beam
On earthly temples, and in contrite souls.
Here fade all vain distinctions that the pride
Of man can arrogate. This house of prayer
Doth teach that all are sinners—all have strayed
Like erring sheep. The wealthy or the poor,
The bright or ebon brow, the pomp of power,
The boast of intellect, what are they here?
Man sinks to nothing while he deals with God.
Yet let the grateful hymn, as those who share
A boundless tide of blessings—those who tread
Their pilgrim path, rejoicing in the hope

Of an ascended Saviour—through these walls
Forever flow. Their dedicated dome!
Still in thy majesty and beauty stand,
Stand, and give praise, until the rock-ribbed earth
In her last throes shall tremble. Then dissolve
Into thy native dust, with one long sigh
Of melody, while the redeemed souls
That 'neath thine arch to endless life were born,
Go up on wings of glory, to the "house
Not made with hands."

TO A DYING INFANT.

Go to thy rest, my child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin might wound the breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,
Shall Love with weak embrace
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No! Angel, seek thy place
Amid yon cherub-train.

THE HEART OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

"When he found his end drew nigh, that great king summoned his barons and peers around him, and, singling out the good Lord James of Douglas, fondly entreated him, as his old friend and companion in arms, to cause his heart to be taken from his body, after death, and to transport it to Palestine, in redemption of a vow which he had made to go thither in person."

Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.

King Robert bore with gasping breath
The strife of mortal pain,
And gathering round the couch of death,
His nobles mourned in vain.
Bathed were his brows in chilling dew
As thus he faintly cried,
"Red Comyn in his sins I slew
At the high altar's side.

"For this, a vow my soul hath bound
In armed lists to ride,
A warrior to that Holy Ground
Where my Redeemer died:
Lord James of Douglas, see! we part!
I die before my time,
I charge thee bear this pulseless heart
A pilgrim to that clime."

He ceased, for lo! in close pursuit,
With fierce and fatal strife,
He came, who treads with icy foot
Upon the lamp of life.

The brave Earl Douglas, trained to meet
Dangers and perils wild,
Now kneeling at his sovereign's feet
Wept as a weaned child.

Beneath Dunfirmline's hallowed nave,
Enwrapt in cloth of gold,
The Bruce's relics found a grave
Deep in their native mould;
But locked within its silver vase,
Next to Lord James's breast,
His *heart* went journeying on apace,
In Palestine to rest.

While many a noble Scottish knight,
With sable shield and plume,
Rode as its guard in armour bright
To kiss their Saviour's tomb.
As on the scenery of Spain
They bent a traveller's eye,
Forth came in bold and glorious train,
Her flower of chivalry.

Led by Alphonso 'gainst the Moor,
They came in proud array,
And set their sorried phalanx sure
To bide the battle-fray.
"God save ye now, ye gallant band
Of Scottish warriors true,
Good service for the Holy Land
Ye on this field may do."

So with the cavalry of Spain
In brother's grasp they closed,
And the grim Saracen in vain
Their blended might opposed,
But Douglas with his falcon-glance
O'erlooking crest and spear,

Saw brave St. Clair with broken lance,
That friend from childhood dear.

He saw him by a thousand foes
Opprest and overborne,
And high the blast of rescue rose
From his good bugle-horn;
And reckless of the Moorish spears
In bristling ranks around
His monarch's *heart* oft steeped in tears
He from his neck unbound,

And flung it toward the battle front,
And cried with panting breath,
"*Pass first*, my liege, as thou wert wont—
I follow thee to death."
Stern Osmyn's sword was dire that day,
And keen the Moorish dart,
And there Earl Douglas bleeding lay
Beside the Bruce's heart.

Embalmed with Scotland's flowing tears,
That peerless champion fell,
And still the lyre to future years
His glorious deeds shall tell,
The "*good Lord James*" that honoured name
Each Scottish babe shall call,
And all who love the Bruce's fame
Shall mourn the Douglas' fall.

"'T WAS BUT A BABE."

I ASKED them why the verdant turf was riven
From its young rooting, and with silent lip
They pointed to a new-made chasm among
The marble-pillared mansions of the dead.
Who goeth to his rest in yon damp couch?
The tearless crowd past on—"'t was but a babe."
A babe!—And poise ye in the rigid scales
Of calculation, the fond bosom's wealth?
Rating its priceless idols as ye weigh
Such merchandise as moth and rust corrupt,
Or the rude robber steals? Ye mete out grief,
Perchance, when youth, maturity or age,
Sink in the thronging tomb, but when the breath
Grows icy on the lip of innocence
Repress your measured sympathies, and say
"'*T was but a babe.*"
What know ye of *her* love
Who patient watcheth till the stars grow dim
Over her drooping infant, with an eye
Bright as unchanging Hope if *his* repose?
What know ye of *her* woe who sought no joy
More exquisite, than on his placid brow
To trace the glow of health, and drink at dawn
The thrilling lustre of his waking smile?
Go ask that musing father why yon grave
So narrow, and so noteless might not close
Without a tear?

And though his lip be mute,
Feeling the poverty of speech, to give
Fit answer to thee, still his pallid brow
And the deep agonizing prayer that loads
Midnight's dark wing to *him* the God of strength,
May satisfy thy question.

Ye who mourn
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That decked the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to *His* arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope,
When a few hasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you?

And when glad Faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangels' praises, with the high response
Of cherubim, and seraphim, oh think—
Think that your babe is there.

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

EXODUS X. 17.

"*Only this once*,"—the wine-cup glowed
All sparkling with its ruby ray,
The Bacchanalian welcome flowed
And Folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned,
His promise of repentance scorned,
And coward-like to vice returned.

"*Only this once*."—The tale is told,
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide,
With more than Esau's madness sold
The birth-right of his soul—and died.

I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead,
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

Again his eyes the landscape viewed,
His limbs again their burden bore,
And years their wonted course renewed,
But hope and peace returned no more.

And angel-eyes with pity wept
When he whom virtue fain would save,
His sacred vow so falsely kept,
And strangely sought a drunkard's grave.

"*Only this once.*"—Beware,—beware!—
Gaze not upon the blushing wine,
Repel temptation's syren-snare,
And prayerful seek for strength divine.

THE KNELL.

A SILVER sound was on the summer-air,
And yet it was not music. The sweet birds
Went warbling wildly forth from grove and dell
Their thrilling harmonies, yet this low tone
Chimed not with them. But in the secret soul
There was a deep response, troubling the fount
Where bitter tears are born. Too well I knew
The tomb's prelusive melody. I turned,
And sought the house of mourning.
Ah, pale friend!
Who speak'st not—look'st not—dost not give the hand,
Hath love so perished in that pulseless breast,
Once its own throne?
Thou silent, changeless one,
The seal is on thy virtues now no more,
Like ours to tremble in temptation's hour,
Perchance, to fall. Fear hath no longer power
To chill thy life-stream, and frail hope doth fold
Her rainbow wing, and sink to rest with thee.
How good to be unclothed, and sleep in peace!
Friend!—Friend!—I grieve to lose thee. Thou hast been
The sharer of my sympathies, the soul
That prompted me to good, the hand that shed
Dew on my drooping virtues. In all scenes
Where we have dwelt together—walking on
In friendship's holy concord, I am now
But a divided being. Who is left
To love, as thou hast loved?

Yet still to share
A few more welcomes from thy soft blue eye,
A few more pressures of thy snowy hand,
And ruby lip, could I enchain thee here
To all that change and plenitude of ill
Which we inherit? Hence thou selfish grief!
Thy root is in the earth, and all thy fruits
Bitter and baneful. Holy joy should spring
When pure hearts take their portion.
Go beloved!
First, for thou wert most worthy.—I will strive,
As best such frail one may, to follow thee.

THE LIBERATED CONVICT.

Dark prison-dome, farewell.
How slow the hours
Have told their leaden march within thy walls,
Toil claimed the day, and stern remorse the night,
And every season with a frowning face
Approached, and went unreconciled away.
Ah! who with virtue's pure, unblenching soul
Can tell how tardily old Time doth move,
When guilt and punishment have clogged his wings!
The winter of the soul, the frozen brow
Of unpolluted friends, the harrowing pangs
Of the lost prayer, learned at the mother's knee,
The uptorn hope, the violated vow,
The poignant memory of unuttered things,
Do dwell, dark dome, with him, who dwells with thee.
And yet, thou place of woe, I would not speak
Too harshly of thee, since in thy sad cell
Repentance found me, and did steep with tears
My lonely pillow, till the heart grew soft,
And spread itself in brokenness before
The Eye of Mercy. Now my penal doom
Completed, justice with an angel's face
Unbars her dreary gate. But when I view
Once more my home, when mild, forgiving eyes
Shall beam upon me, and the long-lost might
Of freedom nerve my arm, may the strong lines
Of that hard lesson sin hath taught my soul,
Gleam like a flaming beacon.

God of Heaven!
Who not for our infirmities or crimes
Dost turn thy face away, gird thou my soul
And fortify its purpose, so to run
Its future pilgrim-race, as not to lose
The sinner's ransom at the bar of doom.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

In 1704, when Deerfield was taken by the Indians, a small church-bell was carried away on a sledge as far as Lake Champlain and buried. It was afterwards taken up and conveyed to Canada.

The red men came in their pride and wrath,
Deep vengeance fired their eye,
And the blood of the white was in their path,
And the flame from his roof rose high.

Then down from the burning church they tore
The bell of tuneful sound,
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing toward their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound.

But now and then, with a fearful tone,
It struck on their startled ear—
And sad it was, 'mid the mountains lone,
Or the ruined tempest muttered moan,
That terrible voice to hear.

It seemed like the question that stirs the soul
Of its secret good or ill,
And they quaked as its stern and solemn toll
Re-echoed from rock to hill.

And they started up in their broken dream,
'Mid the lonely forest-shade,

And thought that they heard the dying scream,
And saw the blood of slaughter stream
Afresh through the village glade.

Then they sat in council, those chieftains old,
And a mighty pit was made,
Where the lake with its silver waters rolled
They buried that bell 'neath the verdant mould,
And crossed themselves and prayed.

And there till a stately powow came
It slept in its tomb forgot,
With a mantle of fur, and a brow of flame
He stood on that burial spot:

They wheeled the dance with its mystic round
At the stormy midnight hour,
And a dead man's hand on his breast he bound,
And invoked, ere he broke that awful ground,
The demons of pride and power.

Then he raised the bell, with a nameless rite,
Which none but himself might tell,
In blanket and bear-skin he bound it tight,
And it journeyed in silence both day and night,
So strong was that magic spell.

It spake no more, till St. Regis' tower
In northern skies appeared,
And their legends extol that powow's power
Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower,
As conscience now slumbereth a little hour
In the cell of a heart that 's seared.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

"They heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither."

Ye have a land of mist and shade,
Where spectres roam at will,
Dense clouds your mountain cliffs pervade,
And damps your vallies chill;
But ne'er has midnight's wing of woe
Eclipsed our changeless ray;
"*Come hither*," if ye seek to know
The bliss of perfect day.

Doubt, like the bohan-upas spreads
A blight where'er ye tread,
And hope, a wailing mourner, sheds
The tear o'er harvests dead;
With us, no traitorous foe assails
When love her home would make,
In Heaven, the welcome never fails,
"*Come*," and that warmth partake.

Time revels 'mid your boasted joys,
Death dims your brightest rose,
And sin your bower of peace destroys—
Where will ye find repose?
Ye 're wearied in your pilgrim-race,
Sharp thorns your path infest,
"*Come hither*,"—rise to our embrace,
And Christ shall give you rest.

Twas thus, methought, at twilight hour
The angel's lay came down,
Like dews upon the drooping flower,
When droughts of summer frown;
How richly o'er the ambient air
Swelled out that music free,
Oh!—when the pangs of death I bear,
Sing ye that song to me.

THE MARTYR OF SCIO.

Bright Summer breathed in Scio. Gay she hung
Her coronal upon the olive boughs,
Flushed the rich clusters on the ripening vines,
And shook fresh fragrance from the citron groves
'Till every breeze was satiate. But the sons
Of that fair isle bore winter in their soul,
For 'mid the temples of their ancestors,
And through the weeping mastic bowers, their step
Was like the man who hears the oppressor's voice
In Nature's softest echo. The stern Turk
In sullen domination idly roamed
Where mighty Homer awed the listening world.
Once to the proud Divan, with stately step
A youth drew near: Surpassing beauty sate
Upon his princely brow, and from his eye
A glance like lightning parted as he spake.
"I had a jewel. From my sires it came
In long transmission; and upon my soul
There was a bond to keep it for my sons.
Tis gone, and in its place a false one shines.
I ask for justice."
Brandishing aloft
His naked scimitar, the Cadi cried
"By Allah and his Prophet! guilt like this
Shall feel the avenger's stroke. Show me the wretch
Who robbed thy casket."
Then the appellant tore
The turban from his head, and cast it down;

"Lo! the false jewel, see. And would'st thou know
Whose fraud exchanged it for my precious gem?
Thou art the man. My birth-right was the faith
Of Jesus Christ, which thou hast stolen away
With hollow words. Take back thy tinselled bait,
And let me sorrowing seek my Saviour's fold.
Tempted I was, and madly have I fallen,
Oh, give me back my faith."

And there he stood,
The stately-born of Scio, in whose veins
Stirred the high blood of Greece. There was a pause,
A haughty lifting up of Turkish brows,
In wonder and in scorn; a hissing tone
Of wrath precursive, and a stern reply—
"The faith of Moslem, or the sabre stroke,
Chose thee, young Greek!"

Then rose his lofty form
In all its majesty, and his deep voice
Rang out sonorous as a triumph-song,
"*Give back my faith!*"

A pale torch faintly gleamed
Through niche and window of a lonely church,
And thence the wailing of a stifled dirge
Rose sad to Midnight's ear. *A corpse was there*—
And a young beauteous creature, kneeling low
In voiceless grief. Her wealth of raven locks
Swept o'er the dead man's brow, as there she laid
The withered bridal crown, while every hope
That at its twining woke, and every joy
Young love in fond idolatry had nursed,
Perished that hour.

Feebly she raised her child,
And bade him kiss his father. But the boy
Shrank back in horror from the clotted blood,
And wildly clasped his hands with such a cry
Of piercing anguish, that each heart recoiled
From his impassioned woe. But there was *one*

Unmoved, one white-haired, melancholy man,
Who stood in utter desolation forth,
Silent and solemn, like some lonely tower;
Yet in his tearless eye there seemed a spark
Of victor glory 'mid despair to burn,
That Sciote Martyr was his only son.

ALICE.

A very interesting daughter of the late Dr. Cogswell, who was deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, cherished so ardent an affection for her father, that, after his death, she said, in her strong language of gesture, that "her heart had so grown to his, it could not be separated." By the Providence of the Almighty she was called in a few days to follow him; and from the abodes of bliss, where we trust she has obtained a mansion, may we not imagine her as thus addressing the objects of her fondest earthly affections?

Sisters!—there's music here,
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright, celestial sphere
Nor pause, nor discord knows.
The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine
And what through life I pined to hear,
Is mine! Is mine!
The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir,
And the full, deep response of David's sacred lyre.
Did kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmony,
That thus the melodies of Heaven might roll,
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering soul?
Joy!—I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness are o'er,
Sweet sisters! dry your tears:

Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—
List at the hour of prayer—*can ye not hear my lay?*
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from chaos beamed,
Praising his everlasting name,
Whose blood from Calvary streamed—
And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the redeemed.

Brother!—my only one!
Beloved from childhood's hours,
With whom, beneath the vernal son,
I wandered when our task was done,
And gathered early flowers;
I cannot come to thee,
Though 't was so sweet to rest
Upon thy gently-guiding arm—thy sympathizing breast:
'Tis better here to be.
No disappointments shroud
The angel-bowers of joy,
Our knowledge hath no cloud,
Our pleasures no alloy,
The fearful word—*to part*,
Is never breathed above,
Heaven hath no broken heart—
Call me not hence, my love.

Oh, mother!—He is here
To whom my soul so grew,
That when Death's fatal spear
Stretched him upon his bier,
I fain must follow too.
His smile my infant griefs restrained—
His image in my childish dream
And o'er my young affections reigned,
With gratitude unuttered and supreme.
But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant glow
I know not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's heart doth owe.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?
Ask ye, if filial love
Unbodied spirits prove?
'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.
I bend to soothe thy woes,
How near—thou canst not see—
I watch thy lone repose,
Alice doth comfort thee;
To welcome thee I wait—blest mother! come to me.

MY NATIVE PLACE.

Blest land! where first without a thorn,
The germs of infant hope were born,
Where budding joys sprang fair and new
To meet the sun, and drink the dew;
Though scenes more wonderful and wild,
Have since my charmed eye beguiled,
Yet none have with such graphic art
Impressed their semblance on my heart,
And none can boast thy magic power
To rule the musing, twilight hour.

Come in thy garb of rock and stream,
With wind-swept harp and sunset gleam,
And eye o'er dizzy heights ascending,
And voice with falling waters blending;
Come!—for my filial feelings greet
Thine image with communion sweet.

Nurse of my earliest dreams! how dear
Still steals thy music o'er my ear,
From warbling nest, or summer-shower,
Or mountain streamlet's murmuring power,
Or liquid flute, where graceful glides
Some fairy boat, o'er moon-lit tides;
Still rise those tones, with tuneful swell
From miser-memory's treasure-cell.

Nurse of my youth! what clime hath spread
In sheltered nook, or vernal bed,

Violets so fresh, so deeply blue,
Or snow-drops of such pearly hue,
As thou didst strew, with aspect bland,
To roving eye and careless hand.
Stern winter now hath hushed thy lay,
And mixed thy russet locks with grey,
And dashed thy frost-bound chalice down,
And reft the blossoms from thy crown;
But breasts that glow with love for thee,
From wintry torpor still are free,
And hearts that drew from thee their breath,
Should know no ice, save that of death.
Those rugged features, sternly fair,
Those craggy summits, bleak and bare,
But most of all, yon sylvan shades,
Deep-hidden dells and lone cascades,
From richer climes, and scenes more gay,
Have won my soul's first love away.
Home of my birth! old Time hath not,
To mar and scathe thy brow forgot,
Dark stains upon thy walls to fling,
And shade thy casements with his wing;
And pampered taste, and frowning pride
Might well thy humble roof deride,
But childhood's careless heart, its rest
Doth build, as light as ring-dove's nest,
And to the lowly dwelling bring
A wealth that mocks the sceptred king.
Thee, too, embowered 'mid rocks, I spy,
Meek dome where science met our eye,
Where knowledge spread her infant lore,
Revealing joys unknown before,
While friendship's charms, that ne'er can cloy,
Enhanced the student's silent joy.
Return once more, ye much loved throng!
Replete with beauty, youth and song,

Your greeting smiles were fond and fair,
I stretch my arms—ye are not there;
I call—ye answer not the strain,
Haunt, bower and hearth, I search in vain,
Where are ye?—distant echoes drear,
And Death's dark caverns answer—*here.*
Thus like the pageant of a dream,
This shadowy span of life doth seem,
Thus, in the twinkling of an eye
The mourner with the mourned shall lie.
Land of my birth! a few times more
Winter may scathe thy temples hoar,
Or Summer, with unsandled foot,
Her sickle to thy harvest put;
And then, should kind remembrance save
One wild-flower garland for my grave,
Or from Oblivion's voiceless shore
One solitary trace restore,
Then let the cherished record be,
My hope in heaven, my love to thee.

PARTING OF A MOTHER WITH HER CHILD.

He *knew her not*, that fair young boy,
Though cradled on her breast,
He caught his earliest infant smile,
And nightly sank to rest,
For stern disease had changed the brow
Once to his gaze so dear,
And to a whisper sunk the voice
That best he loved to hear.

So, stranger-like, he wondering gazed,
While wild emotions swell,
As with a deathlike, cold embrace,
She breathed a last farewell,
And of the Almighty's hand gave back
The idols of her trust,
And with a joyful hope went down
To slumber in the dust.

Go, blooming babe, and fondly seek
The path she trod below,
And, girt with Christian meekness, learn
To pluck the sting from woe—
That so, to that all-glorious clime,
Unmarked by pain or care,
Thou, in thy Saviour's strength mayest come
And know thy mother there.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter shout,
But their names is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale,

But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it,
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it,
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their father's lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe;

Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
From that far land to him?

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on, for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave:
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king,
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield,
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright,
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee;
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No *word! no sound!* But yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth through the festive-lighted hall.
Hearts are in treaty and the soul doth take
That oath which unabsolved must stand, till death
With icy seal doth stamp the scroll of life.
No word! no sound! But still yon holy man
With strong and graceful gesture doth impose
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
Present it to be registered in Heaven.
Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crowned bride!
What means the sigh that from thy ruby lip
Doth scape, as if to seek some element
Which angels breathe?
Mute! mute! 'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all. And yet 'tis well.
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth, *perchance her all of heaven*,
Into a mortal's hand, the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been shadowed out in words,
Or told in language. So ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time
As cheerily as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell

Where flower fades not, and death no treasured link
Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn
The ear sequestrate and the tuneless tongue,
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

MISSION HYMN.

Onward, onward, men of Heaven!
Rear the gospel's banner high,
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.
Bear it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray,
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

Where the arctic ocean thunders,
Where the topics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric 'mid the deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal—bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

THE POET BRAINERD.

I roved where Thames old Ocean's breast doth cheer,
Pouring from crystal urn the waters sheen,
What time dim twilight's silent step was near,
And gathering dews impearled the margin green;
Yet though mild autumn with a smile serene
Had gently fostered Summer's lingering bloom,
Methough strange sadness brooded o'er the scene,
While the deep river murmuring on in gloom
Mourned o'er its sweetest bard, laid early in the tomb.

His soul for friendship formed, sublime, sincere,
Of each ungenerous deed his high disdain,
Perchance the world might scan with eye severe;
Perchance his harp her guerdon failed to gain;
But *Nature* guards his fame, for not in vain
He sang her shady dells, and mountains hoar,
King Philip's swelling bay repeats his name
To its lone tower, and with eternal roar
Niagara bears it round to the wide-echoing shore.

Each sylvan haunt he loved; the simplest flower
That burns Heaven's incense in its bosom fair,
The crested billow with its fitful power,
The chirping nest that wooed a mother's care,
All woke his worship as some altar rare
Or sainted shrine doth win the pilgrim's knee;
And he hath gone to rest where earth and air

Lavish their sweetest charms, while pure and free
Sounds forth the wind-swept harp of his own native sea.

His country's brave defenders, few and gray,
By penury stricken, with despairing sighs
He sang, and boldly woke a warning lay,
Lest from their graves a withering curse should rise;
Now near his bed on which the peaceful skies
And watching stars look down, on Groton's height
Their monument attracts the traveller's eyes
Whose souls unshrinking took their martyr-flight
When Arnold's traitor-sword flashed out in fiendish might.

Youth, with free hand, her frolic germs had sown,
And garlands clustered round his manly head,
Those blossoms withered, and he stood alone
Till on his cheek the blushing hectic fed,
And o'er his manly brows cold death-dews spread;
Then in his soul a quenchless star arose
Whose holy beams their purest lustre shed,
When the dimmed eye to its last pillow goes,
He followed where it led, and found a saint's repose.

And now farewell. The rippling stream shall hear
No more the echo of thy sportive oar,
Nor the loved group thy father's halls that cheer
Joy in the magic of thy presence more;
Long shall their tears thy broken lyre deplore.
Yet doth thine image warm and deathless dwell
With those who prize the minstrel's hallowed lore,
And still thy music, like a treasured spell,
Thrills deep within their sails. Lamented bard, farewell!

THE TOMB.

> "So parted they: the angel up to Heaven,
> And Adam to his bower."
>
> *Milton.*

THIS *is the parting place:* this narrow house,
With its turf roof and marble door, where none
Have entered and returned. If earth's poor gold
Ere clave unto thee, here unlade thyself;
For thou didst bring none with thee to this world,
Nor may'st thou bear it hence. Honours hast thou,
Ambition's shadowy gathering? Shred them loose
To the four winds, their natural element.
Yea, more, thou must unclasp the living ties
Of strong affection. Hast thou nurtured babes?
And was each wailing from their feeble lip
A thorn to pierce thee? every infant smile
And budding hope a spring of ecstacy?
Turn, turn away, for thou henceforth to them
A parent art no more? Wert thou a wife?
And was the arm on which thy spirit leaned
Faithful in all thy need? Yet must thou leave
This fond protection, and pursue alone
Thy shuddering pathway down the vale of death.
Friendship's free intercourse—the promised joys
Of soul-implanted, soul-confiding love,
The cherished sympathies which every year
Struck some new root within thy yielding breast,

Stand loose from all, thou lonely voyager
Unto the land of spirits.
Yea, even more!
Lay down thy body! Hast thou worshipped it
With vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste
Of precious time? Did beauty bring it gifts,
The lily brow, the full resplendent eye;
The tress, the bloom, the grace, whose magic power
Woke man's idolatry? Oh! lay it down,
Earth's reptile banqueters have need of it.
Still may'st thou bear o'er Jordan's stormy wave,
One blessed trophy; if thy life hath striven
By penitence and faith such boon to gain,
The victor palm of Christ's atoning love:
And this shall win thee entrance when thou stand'st
A pilgrim at Heaven's gate.

"THOU HAST MADE DESOLATE ALL MY COMPANY."

JOB.

THERE shone a beam within my bower,
Affection's diamond spark,
The spoiler came with fatal power—
That beam is quenched and dark.
There was a shout of childhood's joy,
A laugh of infant glee,
The earth closed o'er my glorious boy,
My nursling—*Where is he?*

There seemed a sound like rushing wings,
So thick my sorrows came,
A blight destroyed my precious things,
My treasures fed the flame;
An ocean of unfathomed woe
Swept on with all its waves,
And here all desolate I stand,
Alone amid my graves.

Alone! there flows no kindred tear,
No sympathizing sigh,
The feet of curious throngs are near,
But every cheek is dry.
And is there nought but curtaining turf,
And cold earth loosely thrown,

To shut me from those cherished forms,
My beautiful, my own?

Yet who this fearful deed hath wrought?
Who thus hath laid me low?
Was it a hand with vengeance fraught?
The malice of a foe?
No!—He who called my being forth
From mute, unconscious clay;
He who with more than parent's love
Hath led me night and day;

Who erreth not, who changeth not,
Who woundeth but to heal,
Who darkeneth not man's sunny lot
Save for his spirit's weal:
Therefore I bow me to his sway,
I mourn, but not repine,
And chastened, yet confiding say,
Lord—not my will, but thine.

THE EXECUTION.

THERE's silence 'mid yon gathered throng—why move they on so slow?
With neither sign nor sound of mirth, to break their pause of woe?
And why upon yon guarded man is bent each gazing eye?
Where do his measured footsteps tend?—*He cometh forth to die!*

To die! No sickness bows his frame, or checks the flowing breath,
Say, why doth Justice sternly rise to do the work of death?
Still boasts his brow a bitter frown, his eye a moody fire.
Oh Guilt! unbind thy massive chains, and let the soul respire.

He standeth on the scaffold's verge, the holy priest is near,
Yet no contrition heaves his breast, or wrings the parting tear;
O! wilt thou bear with cold disdain the pangs of mortal strife,
And thus in mad defiance drain the forfeit cup of life?

Look round upon thy native earth, the glorious and the fair,
Cliff, thicket and resounding stream, thy boyhood sported there;
Think of thy sire, that aged man, with white locks scattered thin,
And call these blest affections back, that melt the ice of sin.

Bethink thee of thy cradle-hours, and of a mother's prayer,
Who nightly laid her cheek to thine, with guardian angel's care,
And, for *her sake*, propitiate Him who shields the sinner's head,
And take repentance to thy breast, ere thou art of the dead.

There's yet a moment. To his ear reveal thy hidden pain,
Give passage to one suppliant sigh—one prayer—*in vain, in vain.*
Look, look to Him, whose mercy heard the dying felon's sigh,
Say, "*Jesus save me!*" who can tell but he will heed thy cry.

A shuddering horror shakes the crowd, young eyes are veiled in dread,
Affrighted childhood wails aloud, and veterans bow the head,
For guilt unhumbled, unannealed, hath felt the avenger's rod,
And sped, with falsehood's sullen front, to dare the glance of God.

MORNING.

"*God* made the country, and *man* made the town."
Cowper.

Morn breaketh on the mountains. Their grey peaks
Catch its first tint, and through the moss that veils
Their rugged foreheads, smile, as when the stars
Together sang, at young creation's birth.
Fresh gales awake, and the tall pines bow down
To their soft visit; and the umbrageous oaks
Spread their broad banners, while each leaf doth lift
Itself, as for a blessing. Through the boughs
Of the cool poplars, steals a sighing sound,
The leaping rills make music, and the groves
Pour from their cloistered nests a warbling hymn.
From all her deep recesses, Nature's voice,
Like the clear horn amid the Alpine hills,
Is praise to God, at this blest hour of morn.
Morn cometh to the cottage. Through its door
Peep ruddy faces. Infant mirth awakes.
The fair young milk-maid o'er the threshold trips,
The shepherd's dog goes forth, the lamb sports gay,
And the swain dips his glittering scythe in dews,
Which like bright tears the new-shorn grass doth shed:
Joy breathes around, while Health, with glowing lip
And cheek embrowned, and Industry, with song
Of jocund chorus, hail the King of Day.
Morn looketh on the city. See how slow

Its ponderous limbs unfold. On arid sands
Thus the gorged boa, from some deep repast
Uncoils his length. Heaven smileth on those spires;
But their loud bells, and organ-pipes, and hymns
Of high response, are silent. Flame hath fallen
Wherewith to kindle incense, but man locks
His bosom's altar, and doth sell for sleep
What Esau sold for pottage. Stately domes,
And marble columns greet the rising sun,
Yet not like Memnon's statute utter forth
A gratulating tone. Aurora glides,
Gaily pavilioned, on a purple cloud.
Sworn worshippers of beauty, where are ye?
Why Egypt's queen came not so daintily,
When, on the Cydnus, her resplendent barge
Left golden traces. But your eyes, perchance,
Are dim with splendours of some midnight hall,
And curtained close, forego this glorious sight.
Hark, life doth stir itself! The dray-horse strikes
His clattering hoof, and eyes with quivering limb
The tyrant-lash. And there are wakeful eyes
That watched for dawn, where sickness holds its sway,
Marking with groans the dial-face of time.
Half-famished penury from its vigil creeps,
The money-getter to his labour goes,
Gaunt avarice prowls—but where is wealth and power,
The much-indebted, and the high-endowed?
Count they heaven's gifts so carelessly, that morn
With kindred blush no gratitude doth claim?
Lo! from their plenitude, disease hath sprung,
The dire disease that ossifies the heart,
And luxury enchains them, when the soul
With her fresh, waking pulse, should worship God.

BAPTISM OF AN INFANT, AT ITS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Whence is that trembling of a father's hand,
Who to the man of God doth bring his babe,
Asking the seal of Christ?—Why doth the voice
That uttereth o'er its brow the Triune Name
Falter with sympathy?—And most of all,
Why is yon coffin-lid a pedestal
For the baptismal font?
Again I asked.
But all the answer was those gushing tears
Which stricken hearts do weep.
For there *she* lay—
The fair, young mother, in that coffin-bed,
Mourned by the funeral train. The heart that beat
With trembling tenderness, at every touch
Of love or pity, flushed the cheek no more.
———Tears were thy baptism, thou unconscious one,
And Sorrow took thee at the gate of life,
Into her cradle. Thou may'st never know
The welcome of a nursing mother's kiss,
When in her wandering ecstacy, she marks
A thrilling growth of new affections spread
Fresh greenness o'er the soul.
Thou may'st not share
Her hallowed teaching, nor suffuse her eye
With joy, as the first germs of infant thought
Unfold, in lisping sound.

Yet may'st thou walk
Even as she walked, breathing on all around
The warmth of high affections, purified,
And sublimated, by that Spirit's power
Which makes the soul fit temple for its God.
———So shalt thou in a brighter world, behold
That countenance which the cold grave did veil
Thus early from thy sight, and the first tone
That bears a mother's greeting to thine ear
Be wafted from the minstrelsy of Heaven.

THE LONELY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts, its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond in deep sequestered vale
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs
And varying sounds of village industry,
Swelled from its margin, while the busy loom,
Replete with radiant fabrics, told the skill
Of the prompt artizan.
But all around
The solitary dell, where meekly rose
That concecrated church, there was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living. There they lay,
Each in his grassy tenement, the sire
Of many winters, and the noteless babe
O'er whose empty cradle, night by night,
Sate the poor mother mourning, in her tears
Forgetting what a little span of time
Did hold her from her darling. And methought,
How sweet it were, *so near* the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,
And Sabbath after Sabbath gathered strength
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;

And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tomb-stone witness to that faith
Which cannot die. Heaven bless thee, Lonely Church!
And duly may'st thou warn a pilgrim-band,
From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,
And drink the waters of eternal life:
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

INTELLECTUAL WANTS OF GREECE.

TO AMERICAN FEMALES.

Greece was an hungered, and ye gave her bread,
Unclad and shuddering from the inclement blast,
And ye, in love, a sheltering mantle spread;
For this a voice of gratitude hath past
O'er the broad ocean-wave, and thousands bear
Your name upon their lips, in the hushed hour of prayer.

There is a cry for *knowledge*, from that clime
Which held her lamp to earth's benighted eye,
In the dim ages of remembered time:
Rise! shed the beams of immortality
On the *mind's prison-house:* so shall your fame
Endure, when this world's pomp hath fed Destruction's flame.

I saw your infants for the needle's care
Renounce their promised holiday-delight:
Saw even your servants with a joyous air
Give for the "classic land" their hard earned mite;
Mothers! ye gazed with rapture-kindled brow,
Ye prompted that blest work, *why do ye linger now?*

Sisters! on whom the manna-shower is strewed,
Who at eternal fountains drink your fill,
Should a redundance of your angel food
Turn from the starving mind Compassion's thrill?
Hear ye the gasping of the famished soul?
Haste! reach the bread of Heaven; *say to the sick—be whole.*

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Come to the hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblanched,
And eye of fearless ardour he confronts
That high tribunal with its pen of flint,
Whose irreversible decree made pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near,
Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil to hear or tell
Of some new thing. See, thither throng the bands
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask—
"What will this babbler say?" With front austere
Stand a dark group of Stoics, sternly proud,
And pre-determined to confute, yet still
'Neath their deep wrinkles of the settled brow
Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers,
As for no common foe. With angry frown
Stalk the fierce Cynics, anxious to condemn,
And prompt to punish, while the patient sons
Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul
To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
Build the fair argument. Behold the throngs
Press on the speaker, drawing still more close
In denser circles, as his thilling tones

Speak of the God who "warneth every where
Men to repent," and of that fearful day
When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,
The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
And that blest voice is silent. They have mocked
At heaven's high messenger, and he departs
From the wild circle. But his graceful hand
Points to an altar, with its mystic scroll—
"*The unknown God.*"—Oh Athens! is it so?
Thou who hast crowned thyself with woven rays
As a divinity, and called the world
Thy pilgrim-worshipper, dost thou confess
Such ignorance and shame? *The unknown God.*
Why all thy hillocks and resounding streams
Do boast their diety, and every house,
Yea, every beating heart within thy walls
May choose its temple and its priestly train,
Victim and garland, and appointed rite;
Thou makest the gods of every realm thine own,
Fostering with maddened hospitality
All forms of idol worship. Can it be
That still thou foundst not Him who is so near
To every one of us, in "whom we live,
And move, and have a being?" Found not Him
Of whom thy poets spake with childlike awe?
And thou, Philosophy, whose art refined
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of Fate,
And compass with a finespun sophist web
This mighty universe—didst thou fall short
Of the Upholding Cause? *The Unknown God.*
Thou, who didst smile to find the admiring world
Crouch as a pupil to thee, wert thou blind?
Blinder than he, who in his humble cot,
With hardened hand, his daily labour done,
Turneth the page of Jesus, and doth read,
With toil, perchance, that the trim schoolboy scorns,

Counting him, in his arrogance, a fool,
Yet shall that poor, wayfaring man lie down
With such a hope as thou couldst never teach
Thy king-like sages—yea, a hope that plucks
The sting from death, the victory from the grave.

THE DISOBEDIENT SON.

"TEMPT not the sea,"—my father said,
His locks were white with age,
And low he bowed his reverend head
Upon the Bible's page.
"Tempt not the sea, my William dear,"
I heard my mother sigh,
Saw on her furrowed cheek the tear,
But rendered no reply.

That night,—*it was the last, last time!*
From my sweet home I fled,
The sabbath-bell with evening chime
Reproached my rebel tread.
One eye there was I shunned to meet,
I could not bid farewell,
And yet its tender glance was sweet,
How sweet, I dared not tell.

For ah! the sea, the sea had bound
My heart in wizard chain,
My boyhood knew no tuneful sound
Like the storm-stricken main.
And when bright fancies o'er my soul
In dreams their sway would urge,
How proud the sapphire waves would roll
Their white and crested surge.

And now that broad, deep sea, I crossed,
A truant sailor-boy.
And when its wildest billows tossed,
I laughed and leaped for joy.
Once when the midnight storm was loud,
Half deafened by the sound,
Reckless I climbed the slippery shroud,
And sank in gulfs profound.

On went the ship. With shouts of woe
My gasping lips were dried,
High rolled the waves with crests of snow,
And all my hope defied.
Methought even Earth's foundations rocked
With warring ocean's strife,
While scornful winds like demons mocked
My breathless toil for life.

So, there upon the broad expanse,
Like a vile weed I clung,
While jeering breakers held their dance,
And the mad tempest sung.
Up came the dawn. With pain I raved,
Then like a child would weep.
Methought it walked like Christ, who saved
The faithless on the deep.

Up rose the clear and glorious sun,
Dark sea-birds clapped their wing,
And hovered o'er me one by one,
As o'er a perished thing.
A ship! A ship!—her gallant crew
With pride the waves did stem,
My shrieks of anguish wilder grew,
What were those skrieks to them?

Wrecks passed me by. I floated still
A cold and helpless form,
Impelled by Ocean's tyrant will,
An atom 'mid the storm.
Strange visions racked my reeling brain,
Unearthly forms did rise,
And upward through the glassy main
I met my true-love's eyes.

Torn hair, methought, like rays of light,
Fell round me on the flood,
I knew my father's locks so white—
Who tinged those locks with blood?
A cottage with its peaceful thatch
And tapered casement glowed,
My shuddering hand essayed the latch,
But burning lava flowed.

Close to my ear a monster sung,
Green from the creeping slime,
And with his red, protruded tongue
Hissed at me for my crime.
"Is there no grave of rest," I cried,
"Down in the dark, deep sea?"
His hideous jaws he opened wide—
"*Where is the rest for thee?*"

But lo! there came a spectre-boat,
I hailed not—made no sign,
Yet o'er the wave I ceased to float,
Nor felt the whelming brine.
I waked—how long had been my sleep!
How dreamless my repose!
Strange faces seemed the watch to keep,
They were my country's foes.

In foreign climes the yoke I bore,
Stern Slavery's lot I knew,
Heaven heard: and toward my native shore,
My parents' home, I drew.
Where was my hoary sire? They told
How soon his race was run,
And how he sought his pillow cold,
Lamenting for his son.

Shuddering I turned me toward the cot,
Which in my crime I left,
There was my widowed mother's lot
Of sight and joy bereft.
But who was bending o'er her bed,
With voice like pity's dove?
Those were the eyes whose glance I fled—
That was my own true love.

The thraldom of my sin was broke,
I knelt me by her side,
The priest the hallowed words hath spoke,
And blest her as my bride.
My step, my blinded mother hails,
I toil with spirit free,
And only in my fireside tales
Recal the treacherous sea.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."

Come, gather to this burial-place, ye gay!
Ye, of the sparkling eye, and frolic brow,
I bid ye hither. She, who makes her bed
This day, 'neath yon damp turf, with spring-flowers sown,
Was one of you. Time had not laid his hand
On tress or feature, stamping the dread lines
Of chill decay, till Death had nought to do,
Save that slight office which the passing gale
Doth to the wasted taper. No, her cheek
Shamed the young rose-bud; in her eye was light
By gladness kindled; in her footsteps grace;
Song on her lips; affections in her breast,
Like soft doves nesting. Yet, from all she turned,
All she forsook, unclasping her warm hand
From Friendship's ardent pressure, with such smile
As if she were the gainer. To lie down
In this dark pit she cometh, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes, till the glorious morn
Of resurrection. Wondering do you ask—
Where is her blessedness! Go home, ye gay,
Go to your secret chambers, and kneel down,
And ask of God. Urge your request like him
Who on the slight raft, 'mid the ocean's foam,
Toileth for life. And when ye win a hope
That the world gives not, and a faith divine,
Ye will no longer marvel how the friend
So beautiful, so loved, so lured by all
The pageantry on earth, could meekly find
A blessedness in death.

FIRST GIFT TO THE INDIANS AT ALBANY.

"Albany was first visited by its discoverer, Capt. Hudson, on the 19th of September, 1609. The frank and generous natives made his people everywhere welcome, and they, in return, made their hearts gay with wine and aqua vitæ, till one of them became intoxicated, and greatly astonished the others."

Watson's Historic Tales of the Olden Time.

THEY come! they come! the pallid race,
The red men gather from the chase,
From forest-shade and light canoe
They throng that "water-bird to view,
Whose mighty wings that near the shore,
They deem their Great Manitto bore.
Frank is their welcome to the band,
The ready smile, the open hand,
The proffered fruits, with gladness prest,
The purple plum in downy vest,
The clustering grape, the corn-sheaf's gold,
The untaught greeting, warm and bold.
But by what gift, what token strong,
Did Europe's sons, renowned in song,
Mark their first visit to the child
Of simple faith and daring wild?
A cup! a cup! but who may tell,
What deadly dregs within it swell?
The sickening eye, the burning cheek,
Its fearful magic strangely speak,
And on their turf of verdant die,
See! they who taste it helpless lie.

Type of the woes that soon must sweep
  Their blasted race away,
Down to oblivion dark and deep,
With none their hopeless wrongs to weep,
  Or mourn their sad decay.
Yes, when the Old World hasting prest
Her friendship on this infant West,
The boon she brought, the pledge she gave,
Was poison and a drunkard's grave.
  But thou, fair city, throned in pride,
Queen of the Hudson's silver tide,
Well hast thou, by thy deeds, effaced
This stain upon thine annal traced—
Well hast thou by thy zeal to aid
Temperance, thine early trespass paid:
And as the kneeling form that prest
A Saviour's tear-laved feet, was blest,
So hast thou shown, with victor-sway,
That love which washes sin away.

MEETING OF THE BLIND WITH THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

On the meeting of the blind pupils from the Institution at Boston, with the deaf and dumb, and the *deaf, dumb and blind*, at the Asylum in Hartford.

A MINGLED group, from distant homes,
In youth and health and hope are here,
But yet some latent evil seems
To mark their lot with frown severe,
And one there is, upon whose soul
Affliction's thrice-wreathed chain is laid,
Mute stranger, 'mid a world of sound,
And locked in midnight's deepest shade.

And 'mid that group her curious hand
O'er brow and tress intently stray,
Hath sympathy her heart-strings wrung,
That sadly thus she turns away?
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,
For inaccessible and lone,
No eye explores their hermit-cell,
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne

But they of silent lip rejoiced
In bright Creation's boundless store,
In sun and moon and peopled shade,
And flowers that gem earth's verdant floor;
In fond affection's speaking smile,
In graceful motions waving line,

And all those charms that beauty sheds
O'er human form and face divine.

While they, to whom the orb of day
Is quenched in "ever-during dark,"
Adored that intellectual ray
Which writes the Sun a glow-worm spark,
And in that blest communion joyed
Which thought to thought doth deftly bind,
And bid the tireless tongue exchange
The never-wasted wealth of mind.

And closer to their souls they bound
The bliss of Music's raptured thrill,
That "linked melody" of sound
That gives to man a seraph's skill,
So they on whose young brows had turned,
The warmth of Pity's tearful gaze,
Each in his broken censer burned
The incense of exulting praise.

Yes, they whom kind Compassion deemed
Scantly with Nature's gifts endued,
Poured freshest from their bosom's fount
The gushing tide of gratitude,
And with that tide a moral flowed,
A deep reproof to those who share
Of sight, and sound, and speech the bliss,
Yet coldly thank the Giver's care.

THE CONSUMPTIVE GIRL.

FROM A PICTURE.

Thou may'st not raise her from that couch, kind nurse,
To bind those clustering tresses, or to press
The accustomed cordial. Thou no more shalt feel
Her slight arms twining faintly round thy neck
To prop her weakness. That low, whispered tone
No more can thank thee, but the earnest eye
Speaks with its tender glance of all thy care,
By night and day. Henceforth thy mournful task
Is brief: to wipe the cold and starting dew
From that pure brow, to touch the parching lip
With the cool water-drop—and guide the breeze
That fragrant though her flowers comes travelling on,
Freshly to lift the poor heart's broken valve,
Which gasping waits its doom.

Mother! thy lot
Hath been a holy one; upon thy breast
To cherish that fair bud, to share its bloom,
Refresh its languor with the rain of Heaven,
And give it back to God. *The hour is come.*
Thy sleepless night-watch o'er her infancy
Bore its own payment. Thou hast never known
For her, thy child, burden, or toil, or pang,
But what the full fount of maternal love
Did wash away, leaving those diamond sands
Which memory from her precious casket strews.

Behold, her darkening eye doth search for thee,
As the bowed violet through some chilling screne
Turns toward the Sun that cheered it. Well thine heart
Hath read its language from her cradle-hour,
What saith it to thee?
"Blessed one, farewell!
I go to Jesus; early didst thou teach
My soul the way, from yonder Book of Heaven;
Come soon to me, sweet guide."
Ah, gather up
The glimmering radiance of that parting smile—
Prolong the final kiss—hang fondly o'er
The quivering pressure of that marble hand,
Those last, deep tokens of a daughter's love.
Weep, but not murmur. She no more shall pine
Before thine eyes in smothered agony,
And waste away, and wear the hectic flush,
That cheats so long, to wake a keener pain.
Beside thy hearth she is a guest no more;
But in Heaven's beauty shalt thou visit her,
In Heaven's high health.
Call her no longer thine.
Thou couldst not keep Consumption's moth away
From her frail web of life. Thou could'st not guard
Thy darling from the lion. All thy love,
In the best armour of its sleepless might,
The spoiler trampled as a reed. Give thanks
That she is safe with Him who hath the power
O'er pain and sin and death. *Mourner give thanks.*

CREATION.

"Let there be light!" and Chaos fled
Back to his midnight cell,
And *light*, the earliest gift of Heaven,
On cradled nature fell.

Earth from the encroaching waters rose,
Strong Ocean knew his place,
Bold rivers forced their unknown way,
Young streams began their race.

Forth came the Snn, that monarch-proud,
And at his genial rays,
The springing groves, and pencilled flowers
Put on new robes of praise.

But when his weary couch he sought,
Behold the regent-Queen,
Enthroned on silver car, pursued
Her nightly course serene.

And glorious shone the arch of Heaven
With stars serenely bright,
That bowed to every passing cloud
Their coronets of light.

Life roamed along the verdant mead,
Life glided through the flood,
And tuneful 'mid the woven boughs
Watched o'er the nesting brood.

But then, with undisputed might,
That Architect Divine,
His own immortal essence breathed
Into a clay-built shrine;

And stamped his image on *the man*,
And gave him kingly power,
And brought him to a home of love
In sinless Eden's bower.

Then music from undying harps
The young creation blest,
And forth the first-born Sabbath spread
Its dove-like wing of rest.

It came with holy gladness fraught,
With pure benignant ray,
And God himself the lesson taught—
To keep the Sabbath-day

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Not for the summer-hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join.

But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And like the transient flower of grass,
Just blossom, droop and die.

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take,
Grant us, Oh God! *one home at last*,
For our Redeemer's sake.

METHUSELAH.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years—*and he died.*"

GENESIS.

And was this all? *He died!* He who did wait
The slow unfolding of centurial years,
And shake that burden from his heart, which turns
Our temples white, and in his freshness stand
Till cedars mouldered and firm rocks grew grey—
Left he no trace upon the page inspired,
Save this one line—*he died?*
Perchance he stood
Till all who in his early shadow rose
Faded away, and he was left alone,
A sad, long-living, weary-hearted man,
To fear that Death, remembering all beside,
Had sure forgotten him.
Perchance he roved
Exulting o'er the ever-verdant vales,
While Asia's sun burned fervid on his brow,
Or 'neath some waving palm-tree sate him down,
And in his mantling bosom nursed the pride
That mocks the pale destroyer, and doth think
To live forever.
What majestic plans,
What mighty Babels, what sublime resolves,
Might in that time-defying bosom spring,
Mature, and ripen, and cast off their fruits

For younger generations of bold thought
To wear their harvest diadem, while we
In the poor-hour-glass of our seventy years
Scarce see the buds of some few plants of hopes,
Ere we are laid beside them, *dust to dust.*
Yet whatsoe'er his lot, in that dim age
Of mystery, when the unwrinkled world had drank
No deluge-cup of bitterness, whate'er
Were earth's illusions to his dazzled eye,
Death found him out at last, and coldly wrote,
With icy pen on life's protracted scroll,
Naught but this brief unflattering line—*he died.*
Ye gay flower-gatherers on time's crumbling brink,
This shall be said of you, howe'er ye vaunt
Your long to-morrows in an endless line,
Howe'er amid the gardens of your joy
Ye hide yourselves, and bid the pale King pass,
This shall be said of you, at last, *he died;*
Oh, add one sentence more, he lived to God.

"IN THE GARDEN WAS A SEPULCHRE."

St. John.

Mourn not ye, whose babe hath found
Purer skies and firmer ground,
Flowers of bright perennial hue,
Free from thorns, and fresh with dew,
Founts, that tempests never stir,
Gardens, without sepulchre.

Mourn not ye, whose babe hath sped,
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged seraph-band,
Golden lute and glorious land,
Where no tempter's subtle art
Clouds the brow or wounds the heart.

Knowledge, in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and woe,
Peace whose olive never fades,
Love, undimmed by sorrow's shades,
Joys, which mortals may not share,
Mourn not ye, whose babe is there.

DEATH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

I THOUGHT that death was terrible. I've seen
His ministry in the distorted brow,
The glazing eye, the struggle and the groan,
With which the heart-strings break. Yet here was one
Whose summoned breath went forth as peacefully
As folds the spent rose when the day is done.
Still life to her was dear, for with strong root
That charity whose fruit is happiness
Did grow and blossom in her, and the light
Of her own cheerful spirit flowing out,
Tinged earth's brief rain-drops with the bow of Heaven.
Time had respected her, had spared her brow
Its beauty, and her heart the unchilled warmth
Of those affections, gentle and sublime
Which make the fireside holy. Hand in hand
With those her care had nurtured, and who joyed.
To pay their debt of gratitude, she past,
Benign and graceful, down the vale of age,
Wrapped up in tender love. Without a sigh,
A change of feature, or a shaded smile,
She gave her hand to the stern messenger,
And as a glad child seeks its Father's house,
Went home. She in her Saviour's ranks had done
A veteran's service, and with Polycarp
Might say to Death, "For more than fourscore years
He was my Lord—shall I deny him now?"
No! No! Thou could'st not turn away from him

Who was thy hope from youth, and on whose arm
Thy feebleness of hoary hairs was staid.
Before his Father and the Angel host
He will adjudge thee faithful. So farewell,
Blessed, and full of days. No more thy prayer
Up through the solitude of night shall rise
To bless thy children's children—nor thy soul
Yearn for re-union with those kindred ones
Who went to rest before thee. 'Twas not meet
That thou should'st longer tarry from that bliss
Which God reserveth for the pure in heart.

SAILOR'S HYMN.

When the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes us to her trust again,
Father! view a sailor's woe—
Guide us wheresoe'er we go,

When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent, on the mighty deep;
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear us darkly on our course,
Eye that never slumbers!—shed
Holy influence on our head.

When the sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be,
Sabbath to the unresting sea.

When the raging billows dark,
Thundering toss our threatened bark,
Thou, who on the whelming wave
Didst the weak disciple save—
Thou, who hear'st us when we pray,
Jesus! Saviour! be our stay.

When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred and from home,
Stranger-eyes our conduct viewing,
Heathen-bands our steps pursuing,
Let our conversation be,
Fitting those who follow thee.

Should pale Death, with arrow dread,
Make the ocean-caves our bed,
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave shall be—
Christ! who hear'st the surges roll,
Deign to save the Sailor's soul.

MUSINGS.

I DID not dream, but yet fantastic thought
Wrought such wild changes on the spirit's harp,
It seemed that slumber ruled.
A structure rose,
Deep-founded and gigantic. Strangely blent
Its orders seemed. The solemn Gothic arch—
The obelisk antique—the turret proud
In castellated pomp—the palace dome—
The grated dungeon—and the peasant's cot—
Were grouped within its walls.
A throne was there;
A king, with all his gay and courtly train,
In robes of splendour, and a vassal throng,
Eager to do their bidding, and to wear
A gilded servitude. The back-gound seemed
Darkened by misery's pencil. Famine cast
A tinge of paleness o'er the brow of toil,
While Poverty, to soothe her naked babes,
Shrieked forth a broken song.
Then came a groan—
A rush—as if of thunder. The grey rocks
From yawning clefts breathed forth volcanic flames,
While the huge fabric, parting at its base,
A ruin seemed. A miserable mass
Of tortured life rolled through the burning gates,
And spread destruction o'er the scorching soil,
Like Etna's lava-stream.

There was a pause!
Mad revolution mourned its whirlwind wreck,
And even 'mid smouldering fires, the artificers
Wrought to uprear the pile.
But all at once,
A bugle blast was heard—a courser's tramp—
While a young warrior waved his sword and cried—
"Away! Away!"—Like dreams the pageant fled,
Monarch, and royal dome, and nobles proud.
So there he stood, in solitary power—
Supreme and self-derived. Where the rude Alps
Mock with their battlements the bowing cloud,
His eagle banner streamed. Pale Gallia poured
Strong incense to her idol, mixed with blood
Of her young conscript-hearts. Chained in wild wrath
The Austrian lion crouched. Even Cæsar's realm
Cast down its crown pontifical, and bade
The Eternal City lay her lip in dust.
The land of pyramids bent darkly down,
And from the subject nations rose a voice
Of wretchedness, that awed the trembling globe.
Earth, slowly rising from her thousand thrones,
Did homage to the Corsican, as he
The favoured patriarch in his dream beheld
Heaven, with her sceptred blazonry of stars,
Bow to a reaper's sheaf.
But fickle man,
Though like the sea, he boast himself awhile,
Hath bounds to his supremacy. I saw
A listed field, where the embattled kings
Drew in deep wrath their armed legions on.
The self-made warrior blenched not, and his eye
Was like the flashing lightning, when it cleaves
The vaulted firmament.
In vain!—In vain!
The hour of fate had come. From a far isle,
'Gainst whose firm rocks the foiled Pacific roars,

The wondering surges listened to the moan
Of a chafed spirit warring with its lot:
And there, where every element conspired
To make ambition's prison doubly sure,
The mighty hero gnawed his chain—and died.

THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

I HAVE crept forth to die among the trees,
They have sweet voices that I love to hear,
Sweet, lute-like voices. They have been as friends
In my adversity—when sick and faint
I stretched me in their shadow all day long;
They were not weary of me. They sent down
Soft summer breezes fraught with pitying sighs
To fan my blanching cheek. Their lofty boughs
Pointed with thousand fingers to the sky,
And round their trunks the wild vine fondly clung,
Nursing her clusters, and they did not check
Her clasping tendrils, nor deceive her trust,
Nor blight her blossoms, and go towering up
In their cold stateliness, while on the earth
She sank to die.
But thou, rejoicing bird,
Why pourest thou such a rich and mellow lay
On my dull ear? Poor bird!—I gave thee crumbs,
And fed thy nested little ones; so thou
(*Unlike to man!*) *thou dost remember it.*
O mine own race!—how often have ye sate
Gathered around my table, shared my cup,
And worn my raiment, yea! far more than this,
Been sheltered in my bosom, but to turn
And lift the heel against me, and cast out
My bleeding heart in morsels to the world,
Like catering cannibals.

Take me not back
To those imprisoned curtains, broidered thick
With pains, beneath whose sleepless canopy
I've pined away so long. The purchased care,
The practised sympathy, the fawning tone
Of him who on my vesture casteth lots,
The weariness, the secret measuring
How long I have to live, the guise of grief
So coarsely worn—I would not longer brook
Such torturing ministry. Let me die here,
'Tis but a little while. *Let me die here.*
Have patience, Nature, with thy feeble son,
So soon to be forgot, and from thine arms,
Thou gentle mother, from thy true embrace,
Let my freed spirit pass.
Alas! how vain
The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb—
The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy,
While from its home of bliss the disrobed soul
Looks not upon its greenness, nor deplores
Its withering loss. Ye who have toiled to earn
The fickle praise of far posterity,
Come, weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,
If ye can weigh a dream.
Hail, holy stars!
Heaven's stainless watchers o'er a world of woe,
Look down once more upon me. When again,
In solemn night's dark regency, ye ope
Your searching eyes, me shall ye not behold,
Among the living. Let me join the song,
With which ye sweep along your glorious way;
Teach me your hymn of praise. What have I said?
I will not learn of you, for ye shall fall.
Lo! with swift wing I mount above your sphere,
To see the Invisible, to know the Unknown,
To love the Uncreated!—Earth, farewell!

A MOTHER IN HEAVEN TO HER DYING BABE.

Hush, hush, my wailing one,
Thy mother hovers near,
Her breath is on thy pallid cheek,
Her whisper in thine ear;
She may not dry thy tears,
Nor hold thy throbbing head,
Oh haste to these immortal spheres,
Where tear was never shed.

Keen anguish wrings thy breast,
And wakes the gasping sigh,
Cold dews are gathering o'er thy brow,
And darkness dims thine eye,
Heaven hath no throb of pain,
Heaven hath no tempter's charms,
Friends! Friends!—why will ye thus detain
My darling from my arms?

Long had he dwelt below,
Perchance his erring path,
Had been through bitterness and woe,
On to his Maker's wrath;
Why thus with fruitless cares
The angel-spirit stay?
Hark! the Redeemer calls it home,
Rise, *dearest!—come away.*

THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.

Is this *thy* tomb, amid the mournful shades
Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,
Thou son of David? Kidron's gentle brook
Is murmuring near, as if it fain would tell
Thy varied history. Methinks I see
Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy sparkling eye,
The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,
And that bright, eloquent lip, whose cunning stole
The hearts of all the people. Didst thou waste
The untold treasures of integrity,
The gold of conscience, for *their* light applause,
Thou fair dissembler?
Say, rememberest thou
When o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet
A sorrowing train went up? Dark frowning seers
Denouncing judgment on a rebel prince,
Past sadly on; and next a crownless king
Walking in sad and humbled majesty,
While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow
Indignant looks of tearful sympathy.
What caused the weeping there?
Thou heardst it not,
For thou within the city's walls didst hold
Thy revel brief and base. So thou could'st set
The embattled host against thy father's life,
The king of Israel, and the loved of God!
He 'mid the evils of his changeful lot,

Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,
His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,
Found nought so bitter as the rankling thorn
Set by thy madness of ingratitude
Deep in his yearning soul.
What were thy thoughts
When in the mesh of thy own tresses snared
Amid the oak whose quiet verdure mocked
Thy misery, forsook by all who shared
Thy meteor-greatness and constrained to learn
There in that solitude of agony,
A traitor hath no friends!—what were thy thoughts
When death careering on the triple dart
Of vengeful Joab found thee? To thy God
Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer
For that unmeasured mercy which can cleanse
Unbounded guilt? Or turned thy stricken heart
Toward him who o'er thy infant graces watched
With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth
In blindfold fondness pardoned? All thy crimes
Were cancelled in that plentitude of love
Which laves with fresh and everlasting tide
A parent's heart.
I see that form which awed
The foes of Israel with its victor-might
Bowed low in grief, and hear upon the breeze
That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem,
The wild continuous wail,—"Oh Absalom!
My son! My son!"
We turn us from thy tomb,
Usurping prince! Thy beauty and thy grace
Have perished with thee, but thy fame survives—
The ingrate son that pierced a father's heart.

THE LOST DARLING.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps follow me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conned o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.
But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words
"Hush! Hush thee, dearest." Then I bend and weep—
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
Blooming in all its freshness.
Gone to God!
Be still my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest extacy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

ADAPTED TO A PICTURE.

How doth this picture's art relume
Of childhood's scenes the buried bloom!
How from oblivion's sweeping stream
Each floating flower and leaf redeem!
From neighbouring spire, the iron chime
That told the school's allotted time,
The lowly porch where woodbine crept,
The floor with careful neatness swept,
The hour-glass in its guarded nook,
Which oft our busy fingers shook
By stealth, if flowed too slow away
The sands that held us from our play;
The murmured task, the frequent tear,
The timid laugh, prolonged and dear,
These all on heart, and ear, and eye,
Come thronging back, from years gone by.
And there thou art! in peaceful age
With brow as thoughtful, mild and sage,
As when upon thy pupil's heart
Thy lessons breathed—yes there thou art!
And in thy hand that sacred book
Whereon it was our pride to look,
Whose truths around thy hoary head,
A never-fading halo shed,
Whose glorious hopes in holy trust
Still blossom o'er thy mouldering dust.

Even thus it is, where'er we range,
Throughout this world of care and change,
Though Fancy every prospect gild,
Or Fortune write each wish fulfilled,
Still, pausing 'mid our varied track,
To childhood's realm we turn us back,
And wider as the hand of time
Removes us from that sunny clime,
And nearer as our footsteps urge
To weary life's extremest verge,
With fonder smile, with brighter beam,
Its far-receding landscapes gleam,
And closer to the withered breast,
Its renovated charms are prest.

And thus the stream, as on it flows,
'Neath summer-suns, or wintry snows,
Through vale, or maze, or desert led,
Untiring tells its pebbly bed,
How passing sweet the buds that *first*
Upon its infant marge were nurst,
How rich the violet's breath perfumed,
That near its cradle-fountain bloomed,
And deems no skies were e'er so fair
As kindled o'er its birth-place there.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

The ship's bell tolled, and slowly o'er the deck
Came forth the summoned crew.—Bold, hardy men,
Far from their native skies, stood silent there,
With melancholy brows.—From a low cloud
That o'er the horizon hovered, came the threat
Of distant, muttered thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp, white helmets, o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.
The ship's bell tolled!—And lo, a youthful form,
Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid
Down at his comrades' feet.—Mournful they gazed
Upon his hollow cheek, and some there were
Who in that bitter hour remembered well
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the fond tears that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his gay, happy voice
Left its farewell.—But one who nearest stood
To that pale shrouded corse, *remembered more:*—
Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl
Who at her lattice, veiled with woodbine, watched
His last, far step, and then turned back to weep.
And close that comrade in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand

In life's extremity, and bade him bear
With broken words of love's last eloquence
To his blest Mary.—Now that chosen friend
Bowed low his sun-burnt face, and like a child
Sobbed in deep sorrow.
But there came a tone,
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas—
"*I am the resurrection!*"—Every heart
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain, his uncovered brow
Unmarked by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!
There lay the wreck of manly beauty, here
Bent mourning friendship, while supporting faith
Cast her strong anchor, where no wrathful surge
Might overwhelm, nor mortal foe invade.
There was a plunge!—The riven sea complained,
Death from her briny bosom took his own.
The troubled fountains of the deep lift up
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of ocean, 'mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,
Mid all the funeral pomp, with which this earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
Sublime or sorrowful, as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

ZAMA.

I LOOKED, and on old Zama's arid plain
Two chieftains stood. At distance ranged their hosts,
While they with flashing eye, and gesture strong,
Held their high parley. *One* was sternly marked
With care and hardship. Still his warrior soul
Frowned in unbroken might, as when he sealed,
In ardent boyhood, the eternal vow
Of enmity to Rome. The other seemed
Of younger years, and on his noble brow
Beauty with magnanimity sat throned;
And yet, methought, his darkening eye-ball said
"Delendo est Carthago."
Brief they spake,
And parted as proud souls in anger part,
While the wild shriek of trumpets, and the rush
Of cohorts rent the air. I turned away.
The pomp of battle, and the din of arms
May round a period well, but to behold
The mortal struggle, and the riven shield—
To mark how Nature's holiest, tenderest ties
Are sundered—to recount the childless homes,
And sireless babes, and widows' early graves,
Made by *one* victor-shout, bids the blood creep
Cold through its channels.
Once again I looked
When the pure moon unveiled a silent scene,
Silent, save when from 'neath some weltering pile

A dying war-horse neighed, in whose gored breast
Life lingered stubbornly, or some pale knight
Half-raised his arm, awakened by the call
Of his loved steed, even from the dream of death.
With stealthy step the prowling plunderer stalked,
The dark-winged raven led her clamorous brood
To their full feast, and on the shadowy skirts
Of that dire field, the fierce hyena rolled
A keen, malevolent eye.
Time sped his course.
Fresh verdure mantled Zama's fatal plain,
While Carthage, with a subjugated knee
And crownless head, toiled 'mid the slaves of Rome.
Once more I sought Hamilcar's awful son—
And lo! an exiled, and despised old man,
Guest of Bithynian perfidy, did grasp
The poison-goblet in his withered hand,
And drink and die!
Say! is this he who rent
The bloody laurel from Saguntum's walls?
That Eagle of the Alps, who through the clouds,
Which wrapped in murky folds their slippery heights,
Forced his unwieldy elephants? who rolled
Victory's hoarse thunder o'er Ticinus' tide?
And 'mid the field of Cannæ waved his sword
Like a destroying angel?
This is he!
And this is human glory!
God of Might!
Gird with thy shield our vacillating hearts,
That 'mid the illusive and bewildering paths
Of this brief pilgrimage, we may not lose
Both this world's peace, and the rewards of that
Which hath no shadow.
From this double loss,
This wreck of all probationary hope,
Defend us, by thy power.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY TO LIBERIA.

There is a sigh from Niger's sable realm,
A voice of Afric's weeping. One hath fallen,
Who pitched his tent on far Liberia's sands,
And with the fervour of unresting love
Did warn her children to a Saviour's arms.
Alone he fell—that heart so richly filled
With all affection's imagery—fair scenes
Of home and brotherhood—so strongly moved
To pour the promptings of its seraph-zeal
In boundless confidence, and so replete
With tender memory of its buried joys,
That 'mid their hallowed tombs it fain had slept,
Did in its stranger-solitude endure
The long death-struggle and sink down to rest.
Say ye *alone* he fell? *It was not so.*
There was a hovering of celestial wings
Around his lowly couch, a solemn sound
Of stricken harps, such as around God's throne
Make music night and day. He might not tell
Of that high music, for his lip was sealed,
And his eye closed. And so, ye say—*he died*,
But all the glorious company of Heaven
Do say—*he lives*, and that your brief farewell,
Uttered in tears, was but the prelude-tone
Of the full welcome of eternity.

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Come, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock—
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide,
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thought to guide?
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove,
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng,
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear;
Good night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife;
But who, upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock, good night!

THE MOURNING LOVER.

There was a noble form, which oft I marked
As the full blossom of bright boyhood's charms
Ripened to manly beauty. Nature bade
His eloquent lip and fervid eye to win
Fair woman's trusting heart.
Yet not content,
Because ambition's fever wrought within,
He went to battle, and the crimson sod
Told where his life-blood gushed.
The maid who kept
In her young heart the secret of his love,
With all its hoarded store of sympathies
And images of hope, think ye she gave,
When a few years their fleeting course had run,
Her heart again to man?
No! No! She twined
Its riven tendrils round a surer prop,
And reared its blighted blossoms toward that sky
Which hath no cloud. She sought devotion's balm,
And with a gentle sadness turned her soul
From gaiety and song. Pleasure, for her,
Had lost its essence, and the viol's voice
Gave but a sorrowing sound. Even her loved plants
Breathed too distinctly of the form that bent
With her's to watch their budding. 'Mid their flowers,
And through the twining of their pensile stems,
The semblance of a cold, dead hand would rise,

Until she bade them droop and pass away
With him she mourned.
And so, with widowed heart
She parted out her pittance to the poor,
Sat by the bed of sickness, dried the tear
Of the forgotten weeper, and did robe
Herself in mercy, like the bride of Heaven.
Years past away, and still she seemed unchanged,
The principle of beauty hath no age,
It looketh forth, even though the eye be dim,
The forehead frost-crowned, yea, it looketh forth,
Wherever there doth dwell a tender soul,
That in its chastened cheerfulness would shed
Sweet charity on all whom God hath made.
Years past away, and 'mid her holy toils
The hermit-heart found rest. Each night it seemed,
When to her lonely, prayerful couch she came,
As if an angel folded his pure wing
Around her breast, inspiring it to hold
A saint's endurance.
Of her spirit's grief
She never spake. But as the flush of health
Receded from her cheek, her patient eye
Gathered new lustre, and the mighty wing
Of that supporting angel seemed to gird
Closer her languid bosom, while in dreams
A tuneful tone, like his who slumbered deep
Amid his country's dead, told her of climes
Where vows are never sundered.
One mild eve,
When on the foreheads of the sleeping flowers
The loving spring-dews hung their diamond wreaths,
She from her casket drew a raven curl,
Which once had clustered round her lost one's brow,
And prest it to her lips and laid it down
Upon her bible, while she knelt to pour
The nightly incense of a stricken heart

At her Redeemer's feet. Grey morning came,
And still her white cheek on that holy page
Did calmly rest. Her's was that quiet sleep
Which hath no wakening here. Fled from her brow
Was every trace of pain, and in its stead
Methought the angel who so long had been
Her comforter, had left a farewell-gift,
That smile which in the Court of Heaven doth beam.

PICTURE OF A SLEEPING INFANT, WATCHED BY A DOG.

Sweet are thy slumbers, baby. Gentle gales
Do lift the curtaining foliage o'er thy head,
And nested birds sing lullaby; and flowers
That form the living broidery of thy couch
Shed fresh perfume.
He, too, whose guardian eye
Pondereth thy features with such true delight,
And faithful semblance of parental care;
Counting his master's darling as his own,
Should aught upon thy helpless rest intrude,
Would show a lion's wrath.
And when *she* comes,
Thy peasant-mother, from her weary toil,
Thy shout will cheer her, and thy little arms
Entwine her sunburnt neck, with joy as full
As infancy can feel. They who recline
In royalty's proud cradle, lulled with strains
Of warbling lute, and watched by princely eyes,
And wrapt in golden tissue, share perchance,
No sleep so sweet as thine.
Is it not thus
With us, the larger children? Gorgeous robes,
And all the proud appliances of wealth
Touch not the heart's content: but he is blest,
Though clad in humble garb, who peaceful greets
The smile of nature, with a soul of love.

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SCHOOLS IN AFRICA.

Spirit of Science! who so long
Expatriate from thy native sphere,
Hast traced no line, and breathed no song,
That dark, deserted land to cheer—

Spirit of Power! who lotus-crowned
Didst reign 'mid Egypt's temples proud,
But in oblivion's slumbers drowned
'Neath the drear pyramids hast bowed—

Spirit of Piety! who nursed
Of old, amid that sultry clime
Oft from Tertullian's musing burst,
Or martyred Cyprian's page sublime,

Again ye wake, ye thrill the soul,
Your resurrection morn appears,
Ye pour your language o'er the scroll
Which Afric scans through raptured tears;

Wide may your hallowed wings expand
From shore to shore, from wave to wave,
Till distant realms shall stretch the hand
To strike the fetter from the slave—

Till Afric to her farthest bound
Shall bid each billow of the sea,
And every palm-grove, catch the sound,
And echoing shout—"*Be free! be free!*"

ROME.

'T is sunset on the Palatine. A flood
Of living glory wraps the Sabine hills,
And o'er the rough and serrate Appenines
Floats like a burning mantle. Purple mists
Rise faintly o'er the grey and ivied tombs
Of the Campagna, as sad memory steals
Forth from the twilight of the heart, to hold
Its mournful vigil o'er affection's dust.
Was that thy camp, old Romulus? where creeps
The clinging vine-flower round yon fallen fanes
And mouldering columns?
Lo! thy clay-built huts,
And band of malcontents, with barbarous port,
Up from the sea of buried ages rise,
Darkening the scene. Methinks I see thee stand,
Thou wolf-nursed monarch, o'er the human herd
Supreme in savageness, yet strong to plant
Barrier and bulwark, whence should burst a might
And majesty, by thy untutored soul
Unmeasured, unconceived. As little dreams
The truant boy, who to the teeming earth
Casts the light acorn, of the forest's pomp,
Which springing from that noteless germ, shall rear
Its banner to the skies, when he must sleep
A noteless atom.
Hark! the owlet's cry
That, like a muttering sybil, makes her cell
'Mid Nero's house of gold, with clustering bats,

And gliding lizards. Would she tell to man
In the hoarse plaint of that discordant shriek,
The end of earthly glory?
See, how meek
And unpretending, 'mid the ruined pride
Of Caracalla's circus, yon white flock
Do find their sweet repast. The playful lamb,
Fast by its mother's side, doth roam at peace.
How little dream they of the hideous roar
Of the Numidian lion, or the rage
Of the fierce tiger, that in ancient times
Fought in this same arena, for the sport
Of a barbarian throng. With furious haste
No more the chariot round the stadium flies;
Nor toil the rivals in the painful race
To the far goal; nor from yon broken arch
Comes forth the victor, with flushed brow, to claim
The hard-earned garland. All have past away,
Save the dead ruins, and the living robe
That Nature wraps around them. Anxious fear,
High-swollen expectancy, intense despair,
And wild, exulting triumph, here have reigned,
And perished all.
'T were well could we forget
How oft the gladiator's blood hath stained
Yon grass-grown pavement, while imperial Rome,
With all her fairest, brightest brows looked down
On the stern courage of the wounded wretch
Grappling with mortal agony. The sigh
Or tone of tender pity, were to him
A dialect unknown, o'er whose dim eye
The distant vision of his cabin rude,
With all its echoing voices, all the rush
Of its cool, flowing waters, brought a pang
To which the torture of keen death was light.
A haughtier phantom stalks! What dost thou here,
Dark Caracalla, fratricide? whose step

Through the proud mazes of thy regal dome
Pursued the flying Geta; and whose hand
'Mid that heaven-sanctioned shrine, *a mother's breast*,
Did pierce his bosom. Was it worth the price
Thus of a brother's blood, to reign alone,
Those few, short, poisoned years?
Around thy couch
Gleamed there no nightly terror? no strange dream
Of bright locks, dripping blood upon thy soul
In fiery martyrdom? Rose not thy sire,
The stern Severus, from his British tomb
To ask thee of thy brother, and to curse
The mad ambition of the second Cain?
Was there no pause, no conflict, ere thy heart
Plunged into guilt like this? no fluttering pulse,
No warning of offended Deity, to make
Thy spirit quail? or didst thou shake thy spear
At virtue's guards, and coldly sell thy soul?
Fade, fade, grim phantom! 'tis too horrible
To question thus with thee.
Again the scene
Spreads unempurpled, unimpassioned forth;
The white lambs resting 'neath the evening shade,
While dimly curtained 'mid her glory, Rome
Slumbereth, as one o'erwearied.

AN EXHIBITION OF A SCHOOL OF YOUNG LADIES.

How fair upon the admiring sight,
In Learning's sacred fane,
With cheek of bloom, and robe of white
Glide on yon graceful train!
Blest creatures! to whose gentle eye
Earth's gilded gifts are new,
Ye know not that distrustful sigh
Which deems its vows untrue.

There is a bubble on your cup
By buoyant fancy nurst,
How high its sparkling foam leaps up!
Ye do not think 't will burst:
And be it far from me to fling
On budding joys a blight,
Or darkly spread a raven's wing
To shade a path so bright.

There twines a wreath around your brow,
Blent with the sunny braid,
Love lends its flowers a radiant glow,
Ye do not think 't will fade;
And yet 't were safer there to bind
That plant of changeless die,
Whose root is in the lowly mind,
Whose blossom in the sky.

Yet who o'er Beauty's form can hang
  Nor think how future years
May bring stern Sorrow's speechless pang,
  Or Disappointment's tears,
Unceasing toil, unpitied care,
  Cold treachery's serpent moan,
Ills that the tender heart must bear,
  Unanswering and alone.

But as the frail and fragrant flower,
  Crushed by the sweeping blast,
Doth even in death an essence pour,
  The sweetest, and the last,
So woman's deep, enduring love,
  Which nothing can appal,
Her steadfast faith, that looks above
  For rest, can conquer all.

A DOOR OPENED IN HEAVEN.

"I looked, and behold, a door was opened in Heaven."
REVELATIONS, IV. 31.

IT seemed not as a dream, and yet I stood
Beside Heaven's gate. Its mighty valves were loosed,
And upward, from earth's tribulation came
A soul, whose passport, signed in Calvary's blood,
Prevailed. Around the golden threshold's verge
I saw the dazzling of celestial wings,
Thronging to welcome it. The towering form
Of an archangel bore it company
Up to God's throne. Soft on my ear their tones,
Serenely wafted by ambrosial gales,
Fell like rich music.
"Wherefore didst thou pass
Weeping along thy pilgrimage?" inquired
The sinless seraph.
"Thorns beset my path.
I sought and found not. I obtained and mourned.
I loved and lost. Ingratitude and Hate
Did whet their serpent tooth upon my fame—
My wealth took wing. I planted seeds of bliss,
And sorrow blossomed."
But the risen from earth
Faultered to mark that high archangel's glance
Bent downward with surprise, as though it asked
"*Had thy felicity no deeper root*,

Thou sky-born soul, for whom the Christ of God
Bowed to be crucified?"
So when I saw,
Or dreamed I saw, that *even in Heaven might dwell*
Reproof and penitence, I prayed to look
Ever upon that flood of light which gilds
Each morning with its mercy; and whose beams
Are brightened every moment, and to bear
God's discipline with gladness, that no tear
For *trials lost*, be shed beyond the grave.

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

"On with the cohorts,—on! A darkening cloud
Of Cossack lances hovers o'er the heights;
And hark!—the Russian thunder on the rear
Thins the retreating ranks."
The haggard French,
Like summoned spectres, facing toward their foes,
And goading on the lean and dying steeds
That totter 'neath their huge artillery,
Give desperate battle. Wrapt in volumed smoke
A dense and motley mass of hurried forms
Rush toward the Beresina. Soldiers mix
Undisciplined amid the feebler throng,
While from the rough ravines the rumbling cars
That bear the sick and wounded, with the spoils,
Torn rashly from red Moscow's sea of flame,
Line the steep banks. Chilled with the endless shade
Of black pine-forests, where unslumbering winds
Make bitter music—every heart is sick
For the warm breath of its far, native vales,
Vine-clad and beautiful. Pale, meagre hands
Stretched forth in eager misery, implore
Quick passage o'er the flood. But there it rolls,
'Neath its ice-curtain, horrible and hoarse,
A fatal barrier 'gainst its country's foes.
The combat deepens. Lo! in one broad flash
The Russian sabre gleams, and the wild hoof
Treads out despairing life.
With maniac haste
They throng the bridge, those fugitives of France,

Reckless of all, save that last, desperate chance—
Rush, struggle, strive, the powerful thrust the weak,
And crush the dying.
Hark! a thundering crash,
A cry of horror! Down the broken bridge
Sinks, and the wretched multitude plunge deep
'Neath the devouring tide. That piercing shriek
With which they took their farewell of the sky
Did haunt the living, as some doleful ghost
Troubleth the fever-dream. Some for a while,
With ice and death contending, sink and rise,
While some in wilder agony essay
To hold their footing on that tossing mass
Of miserable life, making their path
O'er palpitating bosoms. 'Tis in vain!
The keen pang passes and the satiate flood
Shuts silent o'er its prey.
The severed host
Stand gazing on each shore. The gulph—the dead
Forbid their union. One sad throng is warned
To Russia's dungeons, one with shivering haste
Spread o'er the wild, through toil and pain to hew
Their many roads to death. From desert plains,
From sacked and solitary villages
Gaunt Famine springs to sieze them; Winter's wrath,
Unresting day or night, with blast and storm,
And one eternal magazine of frost,
Smites the astonished victims.
God of Heaven!
Warrest *thou* with France, that thus thine elements
Do fight against her sons? Yet on they press,
Stern, rigid, silent—every bosom steeled
By the strong might of its own misery
Against all sympathy of kindred ties.
The brother on his fainting brother treads—
Friend tears from friend the garment and the bread—
That last, scant morsel, which his quivering lip

Hoards in its death-pang. Round the midnight fires,
That fiercely through the startled forest blaze,
The dreaming shadows gather, madly pleased
To bask, and scorch, and perish—with their limbs
Crisped like the martyr's, and their heads fast sealed
To the frost-pillow of their fearful rest.
Turn back, turn back, thou fur-clad emperor,
Thus toward the palace of the Thuilleres
Flying with breathless speed. Yon meagre forms,
Yon breathing skeletons, with tattered robes
And bare and bleeding feet, and matted locks,
Are these the high and haughty troops of France,
The buoyant conscripts, who from their blest homes
Went gaily at thy bidding? When the cry
Of weeping Love demands her cherished ones,
The nursed upon her breast—the idol-gods
Of her deep worship—wilt thou coldy point
The Beresina—the drear hospital,
The frequent snow-mound on the unsheltered march,
Where the lost soldier sleeps!
O War! War! War!
Thou false baptised, who by thy vaunted name
Of glory stealest o'er the ear of man
To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,
Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,
And show thy written league with sin and death.
Yes, ere ambition's heart is seared and sold,
And desolated, bid him mark thine end
And count thy wages.
The proud victor's plume,
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath
Of blood-dashed laurel—what will these avail
The spirit parting from material things?
One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,
Borne, dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,
Is better passport at the gate of Heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF A POET.

Another master of the lyre hath swept
His parting strain. Swan-like and sweet it rose,
But sank unfinished. And methought I heard
Its melody in Heaven, where harp and voice,
Forever hymning the Eternal name,
Blend without weariness. No more he holds,
Tender and sad, his night-watch o'er the dead,
For he is where the Spoiler's icy foot
Hath never trod, nor the dark seeds of grief
In baleful harvest sprung. 'Twere sweet, indeed,
A little longer to have drawn his smile
Into the heart of love, and seen him do,
With all his graceful singleness of soul,
A Saviour's bidding. But be still, be still,
Ye who did gird him up for Heaven, and walk
Even to its gates in his blest company—
If he hath entered first, what then? be still!
And let the few, brief sands of time roll on,
And keep your armour bright, and waiting stand
For his warm welcome to a realm of bliss.

AUTUMN.

Tree! why hast thou doffed thy mantle of green
For the gorgeous garb of an Indian queen?
With the umbered brown, and the crimson stain,
And the yellow fringe on its broidered train?
And the autumn gale through its branches sighed
Of a long arrear, for the transient pride.

Stream! why is thy rushing step delayed?
Thy tuneful talk to the pebbles staid?
Hath the Spoiler found thee who wrecks the plains?
Didst thou trifle with him till he chilled thy veins?
But it murmured on with a mournful tone,
Till fetters of ice were around it thrown.

Rose! why art thou drooping thy beautiful head?
Hast thou bowed to the frost-king's kiss of dread?
When thou sawest his deeds in the withering vale,
Didst thou, lingering, list to his varnished tale?
And she answered not, but strove to fold
In her bosom the blight of his dalliance bold.

Yet ye still have a voice to the musing heart,
Tree, Stream and Rose, as ye sadly part,
"We are symbols, ye say, of the hasting doom
Of youth, and of health, and of beauty's bloom,
When Disease, with a hectic flush doth glow,
And Time steal on with his tress of snow."

Is this all?—is your painful lesson done?
And they spoke in their bitterness, every one,
"The soul that admits in an evil hour,
The breath of vice to its sacred bower,
Will find its peace with its glory die,
Like the fading hues of an autumn sky."

SCENE AT ATHENS, DURING THE REVOLUTION.

City of Cecrops, there thou art on high,
But not in pride, as when the wondering world
Knelt to thee as a pupil, and the light
That from thy mountains flashed, fell on the globe,
As on a thing opaque. The Moslem draws
His leaguring lines around thee, and afar
'Mid thine Acropolis, is heard the sigh
Of the o'erwearied soldier, famine-struck,
Yet not despairing. He, amid his watch,
Muses on Missolonghi. Even thy vines
Uncultured, wither, and thine olives shrink
From the hot hand of war. No more thy herds
Roam o'er their pasture, and methinks the bee
That toward Hymethus hastens, sadly spreads
A languid wing.
See yon attenuate boy,
With his young tottering sister, who explore
Eager each close recess. Why glean they thus
Those scanty blades of herbage? Do they hide,
And nourish carefully some tender lamb,
Last of the flock? No! no! Their wasted brows
A stronger need bespeak. And there he goes,
A poor snail-gatherer, from whose eye, perchance,
Speaks forth the blood of Pericles.
But lo!
The cry of sudden skirmish, and sharp war,

Peals out at distance. The infuriate Turks
Rush to the guarded wall, and, vaunting, rear
The haughty crescent o'er the cross of Christ.
High Heaven hath mercy. The brief battle swells
Back to the plain again, and sweeping on,
Like the spent whirlwind, sinks. The courser's tramp,
And clash of ataghan, and trumpet blast,
And the fierce shout of man's wild passions die
Upon the tranquil air. But there are strewn
Sad witnesses around: the shivered sword,
The frequent blood-pool, and the severed limb,
While here and there a gorgeous Mussulman
Sleeps in his pomp of armour. The slain Greeks
Do lie with faces heavenward, as becomes
Sons of Miltiades. Methinks the frown
That knits their brows, tells how with Death did strive
The thought of Athens, and their country's fate.
Would this were all!
But there are dens and caves,
And rugged mountain-paths, where those have fallen
Whom love would die to save; and their soft hands
Did woo the sabre's edge, and press it close,
As a long-parted friend.
Ah! might I turn
Forever from such scenes. But in my dreams,
When woe doth tint them, to this hour I see
A beauteous form, which on the encrimsoned turf
Was smitten down, and close those polished arms
Bound to the marble breast, in death's embrace,
A young, unconscious babe.
The ruddy boy
Seemed full of health, and light his sportive hand
'Mid his fair mother's glossy tresses roved,
While his bright lip, not yet to language trained,
Solicited regard. But when no sound
Assured the nursling, and an icebolt seemed
From that dead breast to shoot into his soul,

He raised his cherub head, with such a cry
Of horror, as I deemed no infant heart
Could utter or conceive.
And they who oft
Stood with the unblenching brave, when the thick air
Steamed like a sulphur-furnace, and the earth
Reeked with fresh blood, and thousand parting souls
Sent forth the fearful groan, did say that naught
'Mid all the appalling ministry of war
Had ever moved them like that wailing babe.

ON SEEING THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL, SITTING FOR HER PORTRAIT.

Heaven guide thee artist! Though thy skill
Can make the enthusiast's passion tear,
And catch expression's faintest thrill,
What power shall prompt thy pencil here?

She hath no eye—God quenched its beam,
No ear—though thunder's trump be blown,
No speech—her spirit's voiceless stream
Flows dark, unfathomed and unknown.

Yet hath she joys, though none may know
Their germ, their impulse, or their power.
And oft her kindling features glow
In meditation's lonely hour,

Or when unfolding blossoms breathe
Their fragrance 'neath a vernal sky,
Or feeling weaves its wild-flower wreath
As some remembered friend draws nigh,

Then doth the heart its lore reveal
Though lip and eye are sealed the while,
And then do wildering graces steal
To paint their language on her smile.

For still the undying soul may teach
Without a glance, a tone, a sigh,

And well canst thou its mirrored speech
Interpret to the wondering eye.

What though her locked and guarded mind
Doth foil philosophy divine,
Till even reason fails to find
A clue to that untravelled shrine.

Yet may *thine art* with victor sway
Win laurels from this desert wild,
And to a future age pourtray
Mysterious Nature's hermit child.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HANNAH ADAMS.

She was the author of a "View of Religious Opinions," "History of the Jews," and other works. She died, respected and beloved, at the age of seventy-six; and was the first who was buried in the Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Boston.

Gentle and true of heart! I see thee still,
Abstractly bending o'er the storied tome,
While the deep lines of meditation steal,
Unfrowning, o'er thy brow. I see thee still,
Thine eye upraised at friendship's sacred smile,
Pouring the heart's warm treasures freely forth,
In guileless confidence. Methinks I hear
That eloquence, which sometimes bore thy soul
High o'er its prison-house of timid thought,
And round the ancient people of thy God,
And on the hill of Zion, joyed to bind
Its choicest wreath. Thy stainless life was laid
A gift on virtue's altar, and thy mind,
Commingling wisdom with humility,
Passed on its sheltered pilgrimage in peace,
Lonely—but not forgot. When thou didst mourn
One generation of thy friends laid low,
Another came. Most fair and youthful forms,
Such as man's love doth worship, in the hour
Of its idolatry, did turn aside
To seat them at thy feet, and strew thy home
With offerings of fresh flowers. 'Twas sweet to see
Beauty, and grace, and wealth, such tribute pay

At wisdom's lowly shrine. Yes, they who moved
On the high places of the earth, came down
To do thee honour, and to comfort thee
With an untiring ardour. Say no more
That humble merit, fashionless and poor,
Hath none to lift it from its upas-shade,
And guard its welfare with unswerving zeal
Through the long vale of helplessness and age.
It is not so. Thy grateful shade responds—
It is not so.

Farewell. Thy rest shall be
In such companionship as thou hast loved,
Even from thy being's dawn; pure-breathing plants,
Soft melodies of waters and of trees,
The brightest, holiest charms of earth and sky;
Nor yet unchronicled, or unbeloved
Of faithful memory, shall be thy sleep,
Meek worshipper of nature and of God.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

Drowned at a ford of the Kaskaskia, in the state of Illinois.

Cold sweep the waters o'er thee. Thou hast found,
'Mid all the ardour of thy youthful zeal
And self-devotion to thy Master's cause,
An unexpected bed. The ice-swoln tides
Of the Kaskaskia shall no more resound
To the wild struggles of thy failing steed
In that deep plunge which gave thy soul to God.
Say, 'mid thy journeyings o'er the snow-clad waste
Of yon lone prairie, on that fearful day,
When death was by thy side, where dwelt thy thought?
Upon thy angel mission, or the scenes
Of thy loved home, with all its sheltering trees
And tuneful sound of waters?
Didst thou hope,
When Heaven's pure seed should blossom in the soil
Of the far Illinois, again to sit
Around that fire-side and recount thy toils,
And mingle prayers with those who fondly nursed
Thy tender infancy? Now there are tears
In that abode, whene'er thy cherished name
Breaks from the trembling lip. Oh! ye who mourn
With hoary temples o'er the smitten son,
Slain in his Saviour's service, know that pain
Shall never vex him more. Peril and change,
And winter's blast, and summer's sultry ray,

And sinful snare, what are they *now* to him
But dim-remembered names. If 't were so sweet
To have a son *on earth*, where every ill
Might point a sword against his heart, and pierce
Your own through his, are ye not doubly blest
To have a son *in Heaven?*

THE LITTLE HAND.

Thou wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth with azure tinge.

With what a smile of gladness meek
Thy radiant brow is drest,
While fondly to a mother's cheek
Thy lip and hand are prest.

That little hand! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
When time its tiny bones hath knit
With manhood's sinews stern?

The artist's pencil shall it guide?
Or spread the adventurous sail?
Or guide the plough with rustic pride,
And ply the sounding flail?

Though music's labyrinthine maze,
With dexterous ardour rove,
And weave those tender, tuneful lays
That beauty wins from love?

Old Coke's or Blackstone's mighty tome,
With patient toil turn o'er?
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch be o'er?

Well skilled the pulse of sickness press?
Or such high honour gain,
As o'er the pulpit raised to bless
A pious, listening train?

Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervour cold?
Or shuddering feel the envenomed clasp
Of treachery's serpent-fold?

Yet oh! may that Almighty Friend,
From whom existence came,
That dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame.

Grant it to dry the tear of woe,
Bold folly's course restrain,
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain;

Write wisdom on the wing of time,
Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And with benevolence sublime,
Dispense the light of truth,

Discharge a just, an useful part
Through life's uncertain maze,
Till, coupled with an angel's heart,
It strike the lyre of praise.

HEBREW DIRGE.

"Mourn for the *living*, and not for the *dead*."
Hebrew Dirge.

I saw an infant, marble cold,
Borne from the pillowing breast,
And in the shroud's embracing fold
Laid down to dreamless rest;
And moved with bitterness I sighed,
Not for the babe that slept,
But for the mother at its side,
Whose soul in anguish wept.

They bare a coffin to its place,
I asked them who was there?
And they replied "a form of grace,
The fairest of the fair."
But for that blest one do ye moan,
Whose angel-wing is spread?
No, for the lover pale and lone,
His heart is with the dead.

I wandered to a new-made grave,
And there a matron lay,
The love of Him who died to save,
Had been her spirit's stay,
Yet sobs burst forth of torturing pain;
Wail ye for her who died?

No, for that timid, infant train
Who roam without a guide.

I murmur not for those who die,
Who rise to glory's sphere,
I deem the tenants of the sky
Need not our mortal tear,
Our woe seems arrogant and vain,
Perchance it moves their scorn,
As if the slave beneath his chain,
Deplored the princely born.

We live to meet a thousand foes,
We shrink with bleeding breast,
Why shall we weakly mourn for those
Who dwell in perfect rest?
Bound for a few sad, fleeting years
A thorn-clad path to tread,
Oh! for the *living* spare those tears
Ye lavish on the *dead*.

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews.
She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.
But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoureth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee—as in olden time—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth—to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
There fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not—Heaven can tell.
Rise, sculptured pile!
And show a race unborn, who rests below,
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn—and sow
Good seed, before the world hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline—that angel-bands
May put the sickle in and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.
Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief—
Ye, whose *last* thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose *first* at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington; or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude—yet may you raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings, and your prayers to God.

THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I HEARD the voice of prayer—a mother's prayer—
A dying mother, for her only son.
Young was his brow, and fair.
Her hand was on his head,
Her words of love were said,
Her work was done.

And there were other voices near her bed—
Sweet, bird-like voices—for their mother dear
Asking, with mournful tear.
Ah, by whose hand shall those sad tears be dried,
When one brief hour is fled,
And her's shall pulseless rest, low with the silent dead.

Yes, there was Death's dark valley drear and cold!
And the hoarse dash of Jordan's swelling wave,
Alone she treads: is there no earthly hold,
No friend—no helper—no strong arm to save?
Down to the fearful grave,
In the firm courage of a faith serene,
Alone she prest—
And as she drew the chord
That bound her to the Lord
More closely round her breast,
The white wing of the waiting angel spread
More palpably, and earth's bright things grew pale.
Even fond affection's wail
Seemed like the far-off sigh of spring's forgotten gale,

And so the mother's prayer,
So often breathed above,
In agonizing love,
Rose high in praise of God's protecting care.
Meek on his arm her infant charge she laid,
And, with a trusting eye,
Of christian constancy,
Confiding in her blest Redeemer's aid,
She taught the weeping band
Who round her couch of pain did stand,
How a weak woman's hand,
Fettered with sorrow and with sin,
Might from the King of Terror's win
The victory.

DREAM OF THE DEAD.

Sleep brought the dead to me. Their brows were kind,
And their tones tender, and, as erst they blent
Their sympathies with each familiar scene.
It was my earthliness that robed them still
In their material vestments, for they seemed
Not yet to have put their glorious garments on.
Methought, 'twere better thus to dwell with them,
Than with the living.

'Twas a chosen friend,
Beloved in school-days' happiness, who came,
And put her arm through mine, and meekly walked,
As she was wont, where'er I willed to lead,
To shady grove or river's sounding shore,
Or dizzy cliff, to gaze enthralled below
On wide-spread landscape and diminished throng.

One, too, was there, o'er whose departing steps
Night's cloud hung heavy ere she found the tomb;
One, to whose ear no infant lip, save mine,
E'er breathed the name of mother.

In her hour
Of conflict with the spoiler, that fond word
Fell with my tears upon her brow in vain—
She heard not, heeded not. But now she flew,
Upon the wing of dreams, to my embrace,
Full of fresh life, and in that beauty clad
Which charmed my earliest love. Speak, silent shade!
Speak to thy child! But with capricious haste
Sleep turned the tablet, and another came,

A stranger-matron, sicklied o'er and pale,
And mournful for my vanished guide I sought.
Then, many a group, in earnest converse flocked,
Upon whose lips I knew the burial-clay
Lay deep, for I had heard its hollow sound,
In hoarse reverberation, "*dust to dust!*"
They put a fair, young infant in my arms,
And that was of the dead. Yet still it seemed
Like other infants. First with fear it shrank,
And then in changeful gladness smiled, and spread
Its little hands in sportive laughter forth.
So I awoke, and then those gentle forms
Of faithful friendship and maternal love
Did flit away, and life, with all its cares,
Stood forth in strong reality.
Sweet dream!
And solemn, let me bear thee in my soul
Throughout the live-long day, to subjugate
My earth-born hope. I bow me at your names,
Sinless and passionless and pallid train!
The seal of truth is on your breasts, ye dead!
Ye may not swerve, nor from your vows recede,
Nor of your faith make shipwreck. Scarce a point
Divides you from us, though we fondly look
Through a long vista of imagined years,
And in the dimness of far distance, seek
To hide that tomb, whose crumbling verge we tread

TO BEREAVED PARENTS.

Tender guides, in sorrow weeping,
O'er your first-born's smitten bloom,
Or fond memory's vigil keeping
Where the fresh turf marks her tomb.

Ye no more shall see her bearing
Pangs that woke the dove-like moan,
Still for your affliction caring,
Though forgetful of her own.

Ere the bitter cup she tasted,
Which the hand of care doth bring—
Ere the glittering pearls were wasted,
From glad childhood's fairy string,

Ere one chain of hope had rusted—
Ere one wreath of joy was dead—
To the Saviour, whom she trusted,
Strong in faith, her spirit fled.

Gone—where no dark sin is cherished,
Where nor woes, nor fears invade,
Gone—ere youth's first flower had perished,
To a youth that ne'er can fade.

THE SEA.

Emblem of everlasting power, I come
Into thy presence, as an awe-struck child
Before its teacher. Spread thy boundless page,
And I will ponder o'er its characters,
As erst the pleased disciple sought the lore
Of Socrates or Plato. Yon old rock
Hath heard thy voice for ages, and grown grey
Beneath thy smitings, and thy wrathful tide
Even now is thundering 'neath its caverned base.
Methinks it trembleth at the stern rebuke—
Is it not so?
Speak gently, mighty sea!
I would not know the terrors of thine ire
That vex the gasping mariner, and bid
The wrecking argosy to leave no trace
Or bubble where it perished. Man's weak voice,
Though wildly lifted in its proudest strength
With all its compass—all its volumed sound,
Is mockery to thee. Earth speaks of him—
Her levelled mountains—and her cultured vales,
Town, tower and temple, and triumphal arch,
All speak of him, and moulder while they speak.
But of whose architecture and design
Tell thine eternal fountains, when they rise
To combat with the cloud, and when they fall?
Of whose strong culture tell thy sunless plants
And groves and gardens, which no mortal eye
Hath seen and lived?

What chisel's art hath wrought
Those coral monuments, and tombs of pearl,
Where sleeps the sea-boy 'mid a pomp that earth
Ne'er showed her buried kings?
Whose science stretched
The simplest line to curb thy monstrous tide,
And graving "*Hitherto*" upon the sand,
Bade thy mad surge respect it?
From whose loom
Come forth thy drapery, that ne'er waxeth old,
Nor blancheth 'neath stern Winter's direst frost?
Who hath thy keys, thou deep? Who taketh note
Of all thy wealth? Who numbereth the host
That find their rest with thee? What eye doth scan
Thy secret annal, from creation locked
Close in those dark, unfathomable cells—
Which he who visiteth, hath ne'er returned
Among the living?
Still but one reply?
Do all thine echoing depths and crested waves
Make the same answer?—of that *One Dread Name*—
Which he, who deepest plants within his heart,
Is wisest, though the world may call him fool.
Therefore, I come a listener to thy lore
And bow me at thy side, and lave my brow
In thy cool billow, if, perchance, my soul,
That fleeting wanderer on the shore of time,
May, by thy voice instructed, *learn of God.*

THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

Thou dost not dream, my little one,
How great the change must be,
These two years, since the morning sun
First shed his beams on thee;
Thy little hands did helpless fall,
As with a stranger's fear,
And a faint, wailing cry, was all
That met thy mother's ear.

But now, the dictates of thy will
Thine active feet obey,
And pleased thy busy fingers still
Among thy playthings stray,
And thy full eyes delighted rove
The pictured page along,
And, lisping to the heart of love,
Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy! the wanderings of thy way,
It is not mine to trace,
Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
Or manhood's bolder race,
What discipline thy heart may need,
What clouds may veil thy sun,
The Eye of God, alone can read,
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love
Thy destiny control,

Those boasted gifts, that often prove
The ruin of the soul,
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,
For thee it would not crave,
But tearful urge a fervent claim
To joys beyond the grave.

Oh! be thy wealth an upright heart,
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,
Thine early choice, that better part,
Which cannot fade away;
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,
Thy friends the men of peace,
Thy heritage an angel's lyre,
When earthly changes cease.

ON A PICTURE OF PENITENCE.

Ave, *look to Heaven.* Earth seems to lend
  Refuge nor ray thy steps to guide,
Bids pity with suspicion blend,
  And slander check compassion's tide.

We will not ask what thorn hath found
  Admittance to thy bosom fair,
If love hath dealt a traitor's wound,
  Or hopeless folly wake despair:

We only say, *that* sinless clime,
  To which is raised thy streaming eye,
Hath pardon for the deepest crime,
  Though erring man the boon deny:

We only say, the prayerful breast,
  The gushing tear of contrite pain,
Have power to ope that portal blest,
  Where vaunting pride doth toil in vain.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

"TELL *me a story—please*," my little girl
Lisped from her cradle. So I bent me down
And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered; and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God. But *one* good man,
Who long had warned the wicked to repent,
Obey and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an Ark, and thither, with his wife
And children, turned for safety. Two and two,
Of beasts and birds, and creeping things he took,
With food for all, and when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.
And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the Ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.
All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drowned,
Because of disobedience. Nought she spied
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.

So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful Ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wondered at her absence.
Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curled her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired Ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit, reared
An altar to his God.
Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks
"The Ark and Dove."
Mothers can tell how oft
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a sealed lip, and tenderly hath blent
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
New in the rosy mesh of infancy,
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring Dove, and find no rest,
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming Hand
May gently guide it to the Ark of peace.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Magician of old Scotia's clime,
The sweet, the powerful, the sublime,
Whose lyre could rule even wrinkled care,
And stir the reverie of Despair,
Who shall its broken strings repair?
Who wake the lay, so high resounding
With clash of lance and war-horse bounding,
And bannered host, with trumpet shrieking,
And battle-field, in carnage reeking?
Who touch with cadence, soft and clear,
The minstrel song to lady's ear,
While the young moonbeam faintly throws
Its silver light o'er fair Melrose.
Then haughty Marmion's fitful strife,
The canvas glowing into life,
The gliding bark from hallowed shore,
That Hilda's cloistered maidens bore,
The dungeon vault, the stifled wail,
The sightless judge, the victim pale,
King James, amid the festive throng,
The wily Lady Heron's song,
The marshalled field, the stirring drum,
The smoke-wrapped hosts, that rushing come,
The fallen knight's forsaken sigh,
His reinless war-steed sweeping by—
Thy mighty strain the palm hath won
From earthquake-echoing Marathon,

And flaming Ilion's horrors yield
To pictured Flodden's fatal field.
  Hush! 'tis old Alan's plaintive lay,
That faithful harper, sad and gray,
Hark! to black Roderick's boastful song,
That rolls the trosach-glens along,
And lo! with proud, unbending frame,
Comes Douglas forth, with Malcolm Graeme,
While she, by whose light footstep prest,
The uncrushed harebell rears its breast,
With brow averted, blushing, hears
A father's praise to lover's ears.
  The spell is broke, the illusion fled,
And he, whose strong, enchanting wand
Made the rude mountains of his land,
The tiny lake, the tangled dell,
And outlaw's cave, and hermit's cell,
A classic haunt, a Mecca shrine,
To pilgrim throngs, a Palestine,
  Is with the dead.

THE NINETIETH BIRTH-DAY.

How seems the wide expanse, respected sage,
The broad horizon of life's troubled sky?
The lengthened course from infancy to age,
How gleams its chart on Wisdom's pausing eye?

Thou, who didst see our infant country start
To giant strife from cradle sleep, serene,
How strikes that drama on the heaven-taught heart
That calmly weighs the actor and the scene?

How seem the gaudes that tempt ambition's trust?
The hero's pomp, the banner proud unfurled?
The sculptured trophy o'er the nameless dust?
The insatiate tear, that scorns a conquered world?

Those boasted gifts that kindle passion's power
To fitful fires of momentary ray?
Those dreaded woes, that wake at midnight-hour
The prayer—"*Oh father! take this cup away.*"

How seem they all? Forgive the intrusive strain,
We, fleeting emmets, withering ere our prime,
Would fain one deep, ennobling vision gain,
Through thy majestic telescope of time.

Those, who with thee the race of life begun,
The fair, the strong, the exquisitely blest,

Have faded from thy presence, one by one,
And sunk, o'erwearied, to an earlier rest.

Alone, sublime, and tending toward the sky!
Thus towers Mont Blanc above the hoary train,
Wins the first smile of day's refulgent eye,
And latest throws its radiance o'er the plain.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Know ye a prince hath fallen? They who sit
On gilded throne, with rubied diadem,
Caparisoned and guarded round, till death
Doth stretch them 'neath some gorgeous canopy,
Yet leave no foot-prints in the realm of mind—
Call them not kings—they are but crowned men.
Know ye a prince hath fallen?
Nature gave
The signet of her royalty, and years
Of mighty labour won that sceptred power
Of knowledge, which from unborn ages claims
Homage and empire, such as time's keen tooth
May never waste. Yea,—and the grace of God
So witnessed with his spirit, so impelled
To deeds of christian love, that there is reared
A monument for him, which hath no dread
Of that fierce flame which wrecks the solid earth.
I see him 'mid the Shetlands, spreading forth
The riches of the Gospel—kneeling down
To light its lamp in every darkened hut:—
Not in the armour of proud learning braced,
But with a towel girded—as to wash
The feet of those whom earthly princes scorn.
I see him lead the rugged islander,
Even as a brother, to the Lamb of God,
Counting his untaught soul more precious far
Than all the lore of all the lettered world.

I hear his eloquence—but deeper still,
And far more eloquent, there comes a dirge
O'er the hoarse wave. "All that we boast of man,
Is as the flower of grass."
Farewell—Farewell!
Pass on with Wesley, and with all the great
And good of every nation. Yea!—pass on
Where the cold name of sect, which sometimes throws
Unholy shadow o'er the heaven-warmed breast,
Doth melt to nothingness—and every surge
Of warring doctrine, in whose eddying depths,
Earth's charity was drowned, is sweetly lost
In the broad ocean of eternal love.

INTEMPERANCE.

Parent! who with speechless feeling,
O'er thy cradle treasure bent—
Found each year new claims revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent:
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted,
By a dire, untimely frost?
All thy labour unrequited—
Every glorious promise lost?

Wife! with agony unspoken,
Shrinking from Affliction's rod,
Is thy prop, thine idol broken,
Fondly trusted, next to God?
Husband! o'er thy hope a mourner;
Of thy chosen friend ashamed:
Hast thou to her burial borne her,
Unrepentant, unreclaimed?

Child! in tender weakness turning
To thy heaven-appointed guide:
Doth a lava-poison burning,
Tinge with gall affection's tide
Still that orphan-burden bearing,
Darker than the grave can show,
Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
To a heritage of woe?

Country! on thy sons depending,
  Strong in manhood, bright in bloom:
Hast thou seen thy pride descending,
  Shrouded to the unhonoured tomb?
Rise!—on eagle-pinion soaring,
  Rise!—like one of god-like birth,
And Jehovah's aid imploring,
  Sweep the spoiler from the earth.

THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF A RESPECTED FRIEND.

That solemn knell, whose mournful call
Strikes on the heart, I heard.
I saw the sable pall
Covering the form revered.
And lo! his father's race, the ancient, and the blest,
Unlock the dim sepulchral halls, where silently they rest,
And to the unsaluting tomb,
Curtained round with rayless gloom,
He entereth in, a wearied guest.

To his bereaved abode, the fireside chair,
The holy, household prayer,
Affection's watchful zeal, his life that blest,
The tuneful lips that soothed his pain,
With the dear name of "*Father*" thrilling through his breast,
He cometh not again.
Flowers in his home bloom fair,
The evening taper sparkles clear,
The intellectual banquet waiteth there,
Which his heart held so dear.
The tenderness and grace
That make religion beautiful, still spread
Their sainted wings to guard the place—
Alluring friendship's frequent tread.
Still seeks the stranger's foot that hospitable door,
But he, the husband and the sire, returneth never more.

His was the upright deed,
His the unswerving course,
'Mid every thwarting current's force,
Unchanged by venal aim, or flattery's hollow reed:
The *holy truth* walked ever by his side,
And in his bosom dwelt, companion, judge, and guide.

But when disease revealed
To his unclouded eye
The stern destroyer standing nigh,
Where turned he for a shield?
Wrapt he the robe of stainless rectitude
Around his breast to meet cold Jordan's flood?
Grasped he the staff of pride
His steps through death's dark vale to guide?
Ah no! self-righteousness he cast aside,
Clasping, with firm and fearless faith, the cross of Him who died.

Serene, serene,
He pressed the crumbling verge of this terrestrial scene,
Breathed soft, in childlike trust,
The parting groan,
Gave back to dust its dust—
To heaven its own.

THE BAPTISM.

'Twas near the close of that blest day, when, with melodious swell,
To crowded mart and lonely vale, had spoke the Sabbath-bell;
And on a broad, unruffled stream, with bordering verdure bright,
The westering sunbeam richly shed a tinge of crimson light.

When, lo! a solemn train appeared, by their loved pastor led,
And sweetly rose the holy hymn, as toward that stream they sped,
And he its cleaving, crystal breast, with graceful movement trod,
His steadfast eye upraised, to seek communion with its God.

Then bending o'er his staff, approached that willow-fringed shore,
A man of many weary years, with furrowed temples hoar,
And faintly breathed his trembling lip—"Behold, I fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord, ere death shall summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did wavering Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame through that translucent tide,

And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave, and spake the Triune name,
And joy upon that withered face, in wondering radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form, in manhood's towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely turned aside,
And following in *His* steps, who bowed to Jordan's startled wave,
In deep humility of soul, faithful this witness gave.

Who next?—A fair and fragile form, in snowy robe doth move,
That tender beauty in her eye that wakes the vow of love—
Yea, come, thou gentle one, and arm thy soul with strength divine,
This stern world hath a thousand darts to vex a breast like thine.

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness bound—
Cling to that Comforter, who holds a balm for every wound;
Propitiate that Protector's care, who never will forsake,
And thou shalt strike the harp of praise, even when thy heart-strings break.

Then with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path she trod,
And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to her God,
And when all drooping from the flood she rose, like lily-stem,
Methought that spotless brow might wear an angel's diadem.

Yet more! Yet more!—How meek they bow to their Redeemer's rite,
Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons of light;

Yet, lingering on those shores I staid, till every sound was hushed,
For hallowed musings o'er my soul, like spring-swollen rivers rushed.

'Tis better, said the Voice within, to bear a Christian's cross,
Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which Death shall prove but dross,
Far better, when yon shrivelled skies are like a banner furled,
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the glory of the world.